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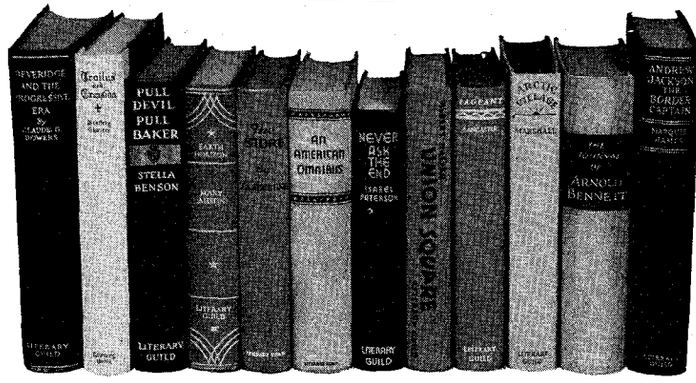

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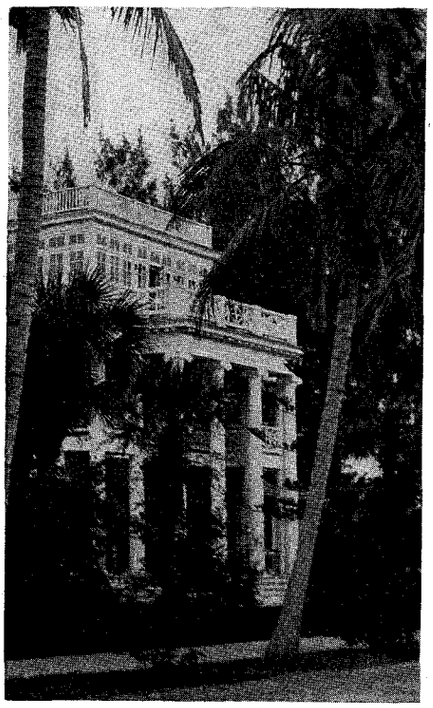

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Occupations—Today and Tomorrow

By Berta Crone

ARE THE PROFESSIONS of medicine and law actually overcrowded? That they are is often asserted, but the question cannot be answered by ascertaining the number of idle, or semi-idle, or ill-paid doctors and lawyers. The point can be settled only by exploring undeveloped opportunities for service. It seems absurd, in our opinion, to say that there are too many doctors or too many lawyers. Until every person in the United States who needs medical care has it or can have it irrespective of his income, let us not say that the field is overcrowded. Until every person in the United States who needs legal advice and help has it or can have it, irrespective of his income, let us not say that the legal profession is overcrowded. It is generally agreed that many who would benefit by having medical care or legal help do not get these necessary services. Or have to be content with what they can get irrespective of the quality of the service. Indeed it is a paradox that we have in every large community a host of persons who, on the one hand, do not get necessary medical and legal services, and on the other hand, doctors and lawyers, who do not get the necessary practice. This condition existed prior to 1929. So it cannot be called a child of the Depression, though it has obviously grown much worse during the last few years.

Much has been said and written since 1929 about over-production of commodities. Even sensible and enlightened persons thought and said, and still think and say, that our ills began by over-production. Yet it is well-known that many persons were (and are) under-clothed, under-housed, under-fed throughout the United States. Gradually it becomes more and more evident that our general problem is one, not of having too much, but of how to distribute equally and adequately what we have. It is conceivable, we think, that what is now being called over-crowding in many professional occupations, is not over-crowding at all, but unequal distribution of work, unequal distribution of workers, undeveloped opportunities for service, and an obsolete system of rendering service, or all four combined. Whatever be the cause, or causes, of the glut in these professions, the effect is the same—too many doctors and lawyers with nothing, or almost nothing to do, and a few who are busier than they should be.

Doctors and lawyers suffer from a medieval tradition which compels them to sit in their offices and wait for clients. They may not announce their peculiar qualifications to the world, but must leave it to friends and relatives. Needless to say, no one can actually make a success in this way, unless he is fortunate enough to become connected with certain hospitals or certain firms. The less favored ones soon find themselves forced by economic necessity to resort to certain irregular practices. Naturally, men and women already engaged in these professions are worried. Students and aspirants and those financing them are worried too. Why shouldn't they be? Consider the years of human effort required for training in either one of these highly specialized professions. Consider the large investment in money. Ponder the waste of both effort and money.

Of 1,889 law students who took the bar examination in the State of New York last October only 847 passed. "Results show," a distinguished professor of law at the Columbia University Law School informs us, "that bar examinations slow-up, but do not stop those who fail to pass." "Failure is impossible" is an admirable ideal for students, but what about the waste if there is no market for their professional services? From the same authoritative source we learn that "in New York —with perhaps the most rigorous examination in the country—some 94 per cent of applicants are ultimately admitted, and in the country at large 90 per cent." Restrictive measures such as "raising the standards of admission" and making examinations more rigorous are being adopted by practically all schools of medicine and

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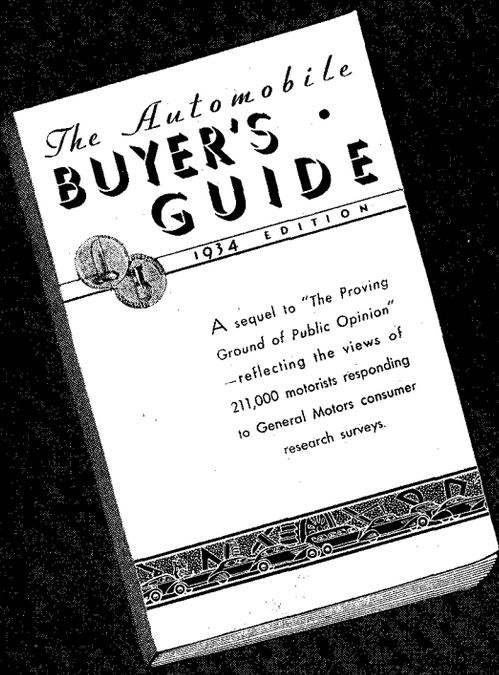
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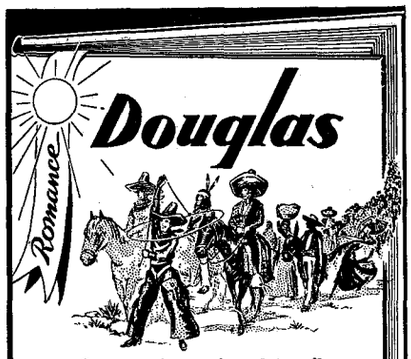

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law. What do these measures do? They dam the source of supply, and, perhaps, improve the quality of the output. But they do nothing to help the young doctor and the young lawyer to find his place of service and livelihood in the community. Happily there are individual members of these professions who see the problem, understand it, and are doing what they can to make others see and understand. They maintain that a social organism which encourages them to devote their time, their money, and their energies to preparing themselves professionally, owes it to these professionals, to create opportunities for them to earn an honest and honorable livelihood. When a sufficient number see and understand the present problem they may act to remedy the system.

A professor of law of considerable reputation has recently proposed as a remedy the formation of a lawyers' guild to foster a sense of professional responsibility among lawyers and to deal with the problems of the lawyer. "An individual lawyer" this professor affirms, "must not solicit business, but a bar association may; an individual lawyer may not advertise what legal service means, why it is useful, and where it can be had, a bar association may; an individual lawyer is not permitted to give trustworthy assurance that his service is competent and honest, nor that the fee will be fair, and mostly reckonable in advance, a bar association could." As proof of the "untapped market for legal service" which, he thinks exists and ought to be developed, he calls our attention to what the trust companies have done by tapping their market. A lawyers' guild, he asserts, would be able to regulate fees, standardize certain details and thus reduce costs to the average man, assure the average man of competent and fair service, develop the market for legal service, restore the professional standing of service to the profession and effect other necessary changes. It is obvious to anyone who takes the trouble to investigate that practice needs to be redistributed so that "many good lawyers who now eat out their hearts between financial worry and temptation" could be assured of a livelihood.

The five years' study by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, completed in 1932, disclosed a great difference of opinion among doctors

(*Continued on Page* 6)

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themselves concerning the present methods of giving medical care. The debate continues in and out of the medical journals and forums. "The practice of medicine ought to be put on the same basis as education" declares Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum in an article appearing in the November issue of *American Medicine*. Dr. Tannenbaum, a well-known practicing physician, a scholar, and writer, who has practiced in New York City for more than thirty years, believes that "medical services differ from all other services in that the recipient of the services is incapable of judging of the merits and value of what he is getting; he cannot judge of the correctness of the doctor's diagnosis or his method of treatment." For these reasons he asserts that "competitive medicine inevitably leads to exploitation of the patient and his family." "Superfluous calls on the patient, unnecessary consultations, unnecessary X-rays and laboratory work, unnecessary operations, unnecessary medication, invalidizing the patient, fee splitting, and other dishonorable and dishonest practices are inevitable when doctors must compete with one another for a practice and a livelihood," Dr. Tannenbaum contends.

Just as teachers are, Dr. Tannenbaum further asserts, physicians ought to be employees of the state at fixed monthly salaries. Putting medical service on the same basis as education would, he believes, make it possible to control and regulate the number of persons entering the medical professions, and the allied professions, in accordance with the needs of the community. While their incomes will be limited as teachers' incomes are limited, they will be insured against loss of income by reason of disease, accident and old age. These benefits Dr. Tannenbaum feels, and other physicians with whom we have discussed the matter feel, are worth more to the doctor than the possibility of earning a larger income by exploitation and fee splitting and commission taking.

●

It is apparent that many doctors, recognizing the need of a change in the system of getting practice and rendering service, will welcome a new code, which will free them from unfair and illegal competitive practices. For the occupational problems of doctors and lawyers are closely bound up with the lives of most of us.

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CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1934

American Housing	ALFRED E. SMITH	9
Tomorrow's Gadgets	DONALD WILHELM	13
Pigs Are the Fashion	GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY	18
Programs for Our Future Eating	BION R. EAST	21
Men of Russia	JAMES E. ABBE	24
Trouble in Stripes	FREDERIC J. FARNELL, M.D.	31
In the Ditch!	ANONYMOUS	34
Islands, or Else—	WAYNE FRANCIS PALMER	37
Outlines of Fascism	CEDRIC FOWLER	42
Economic War Reports	E. H. COLLINS	46
To See or Not to See	CY CALDWELL	48
New Hill-billies for Old	CHESTER CROWELL	50
New Landfalls in Foreign Affairs	HENRY CARTER	53
Talk of the Nation		56
Occupations—Today and Tomorrow	BERTA CRONE	2
Checklist of New Ideas		8

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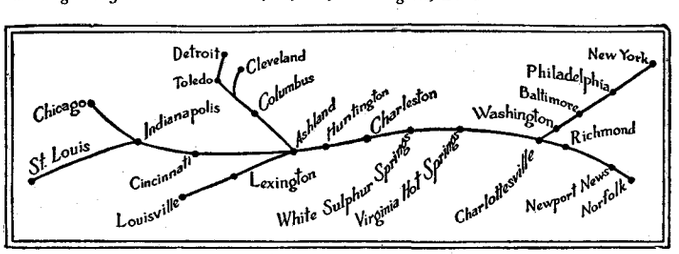

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Checklist of New Ideas

ON GASPING

After the first gasp over a seven billion dollar deficit a country that is beginning to shake off the lethargy of fear and turn its face again to hope will not feel that the cost of recovery is excessive.—*N. Y. World-Telegram Editorial.*

ON LARGE GUESSING

The old acceptance of a hope of heaven and a fear of hell, even at the zenith of its influence, has probably been far less a guide of conduct than historians of morals are wont to attribute to it. Naturally, however, its actual influence is anybody's large guess.—*Dr. Howard L. McBain, dean Graduate Faculties, Columbia University.*

ON THE DAWN OF REASON

Why all this advocacy of inflation? If we get more for what we do or sell we'll have to pay out just that much more for what we buy.—*Pflugerville Press.*

ON MUSSOLINI AND THE OTHERS

These other dictators think they are doing some dictating when they announce a budget quota. But when you start laying out a maternity quota then you are really in the dictating business.—*Will Rogers.*

ON WHERE WE'RE GOING

We are going back to the advice of Washington and Jefferson.—*James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany.*

ON BARBARISM

A return to barbarism? I don't see any return; it's always here. The only advantage we have over the savages is that we can read and write and wear clothes. People are about as cruel to each other as ever, which seems to me to be the real test.—*Clarence Darrow*

ON OUR INADEQUACIES

"I see this America that has never been a part of the Roman Empire, or the German Empire, expanding vastly in a mere moment of historic time with two main principles to guide it—political rationalism and mechanistic science: both inadequate."—*William Aylot Orton in "America in Search of Culture."*

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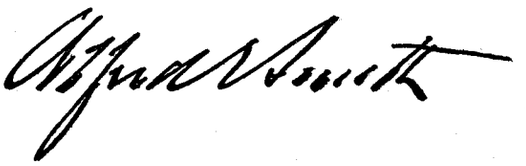
AMERICAN HOUSING



THE subject of housing is one of the most important before the American people and one which should have a foremost place in all programs for recovery. It would be a real tragedy if returning prosperity should find us worse off as to housing than we were before the Depression and if we had not used every possible means or instrument, no matter how drastic, to improve the conditions under which so many of the present and future generations must spend the greater part of each day of their lives. It is not too much to say that we are approaching the time when decent housing is going to be the first test of the nation's civilization. If this be true, we shall have to act quickly, or take a back seat among the nations.

Let us see what our housing conditions are. In almost all of our cities, including the small as well as the large, and comparatively new as well as old municipalities, we find shocking housing conditions. We have repeated over and over again the mistakes of the past. The selfish interests of large property owners, sub-dividers, developers and speculative builders and their insistence upon capitalizing land values to the last possible cent, have been the determining factor in deciding how the great majority of people of moderate and small means shall live. These same forces have been slow to adopt a progressive attitude themselves toward this problem, and have even gone so far in some cases as to exert influence, through associations formed for more legitimate purposes, to block governmental coöperation, aid, control or actual construction in this field.

Future housing construction of the better sort for families in the higher income brackets, in cities, suburbs and even semi-rural communities is fortunately being guided to a considerable extent by proper zoning, building, health, sanitary, fire protection and other restrictions. Zoning has made great strides throughout the country. On the other hand, it works by indirection; that is, it does not say precisely what sort of a house can be built, but it prevents more than a certain number of families from living in a given area and governs heights of buildings, set-backs, size of yards, character and use of adjacent property, etc. Similarly the building, sanitation, health, fire and street layout laws and regulations are negative rather than positive in their effects on good housing. All of these laws and regulations, operating with increased public interest, higher standards of public taste and demand and extraordinary technical improvements in building materials and construction, furniture, equipment and all sorts of labor-saving and comfort-promoting devices, are gradually improving conditions in the newer and the outlying sections of cities, in the suburbs and in the country. On the other hand, they have done nothing to meet the problem of the ancient tenements, flats, slums, shanty-

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towns, plague-spots and rookeries which disgrace large areas in almost all of our cities and in a good many of our villages, and which become steadily worse through age, decay, neglect, overcrowding and doubling up.

Conditions in New York City in tenement dwellings were so bad forty years ago that a joint committee of both Houses of the New York Legislature came to the city and conducted an investigation. As a result, the Legislature enacted laws governing the future construction of tenement dwellings. One of the senators on the committee asked the Speaker about the dilapidated structures which were the subject of investigation and which were declared to be unfit for human habitation. The reply was that they would be demolished in less than twenty years. The fact is that they were never demolished. They are still in existence and with the exception of the two square blocks taken for the housing development known as Knickerbocker Village and some others that were acquired by the city in condemnation for bridge approaches, they are all still standing, forty years older than they were when they were declared to be not fit for people to live in.

I am afraid that, if at this time, we are unable to destroy these buildings and replace them with modern structures covering only a small portion of the land and leaving room for air, light and for playgrounds another forty years may pass and find them still in our midst.

There has been introduced in Albany a bill setting up a municipal housing authority to take advantage of the Federal money and to use the city's power of eminent domain to acquire the land. Throughout all the states in which there are big cities that have this same problem to contend with, it may be well for local authorities to study the proposed New York statute.

It must further be borne in mind that the problem of removing these ancient tenements is not confined to the erection of new buildings. If it is done intelligently, it means a replanning and a replotting of an entire neighborhood. It means wide streets, provisions for parks and playgrounds and a general improvement in a given locality that tends to increase real property values of all buildings in the neighborhood.

There can be no solution of the problem by suggesting that people move to other sections of the cities. That is the personal thing with the individual and if they want to remain in any given section it is impossible to remove them by law, or by suggestion, or in any other way that I know of. The thing to do is to improve the property and give the coming generation a chance to live under decent, comfortable and healthful surroundings.

Furthermore housing construction would be one of the most effective employers of labor, purchasers of equipment and materials and one of the greatest stimulants to the resumption of private business. While it is true that 4,500 men was the largest number employed at any one time in the actual construction of the Empire State Building, all of the materials—the steel, the stone, aluminum, glass, marble and so forth—were manufactured and prepared in different parts of the United States giving employment to the people in the mills and factories generally.

In New York City the only Federal project which is getting anywhere is Knickerbocker Village; and only one other project has even reached the stage of breaking ground. These are drops in the bucket.

This problem must be tackled boldly, uncompromisingly and in a big way. A few samples, exhibits, illustrations or demonstrations will have no effect. In this field, philanthropy has proved inadequate and helpless, private enterprise has collapsed, and the professional societies and government agencies have contented themselves with reams of fine writing and an endless stream of big talk.

In the end, I am satisfied that we shall be forced to choose between straight government construction and operation on the one hand and some promising form of cooperation between government and private enterprise on the other. The limited dividend corporation, which is the best form to date of such coöperation, cannot be said to have been a great success. It may be that the problem can be met by the establishment of municipal housing authorities as spoken of above, to be given both a federal

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subsidy and local tax exemption and drawing the greater part of their funds from savings banks, insurance companies and similar institutions, on such a basis that the investment will be absolutely safe.

If this plan does not work out, we can make up our minds that we shall have to go into slum clearance, and perhaps even low cost housing in outlying sections, as a straight government enterprise, as has been done abroad, and as is advocated with increasing approval on the part of audiences by prominent foreign housing authorities who are now lecturing in this country. Little as I like this alternative, I should be prepared to accept it, if it were the only means of getting rid of one of the greatest curses of our civilization. It would be a whole lot better for government to invade this field, where the need is so vital and the solution is so simple, than to waste millions in other less promising experiments.

In the meantime I am strongly in favor of a real drive to put through a comprehensive program of decent, low-cost housing, at least in all of our larger cities, through Federal, State and municipal cooperation with private capital. It is time to put an end to conferences, luncheon meetings, after dinner speeches, radio talks, exhibits and wrangles over ways and means, and to get down to action. The great majority of intelligent people are for this program but they disagree about details and refuse to give way or compromise for the sake of harmony. I know of no other field in which pride of individual opinion plays so important a part. That is why, in the last analysis, the decisions must be made by public officials.

And now, one word more to the powerful minority which has been to a large extent responsible for making these conditions as they are and which is fighting to keep them so. I wish as a sincere friend of legitimate real estate interests and as a person who is entirely familiar with the serious problems of property owners in the Depression, to raise my voice in warning to these groups that they must be prepared to take pretty high ground on this question and to make substantial sacrifices in the public interest. Otherwise they must be prepared for radical government action. They must coöperate, or stand aside. The public will not tolerate stupid or selfish obstruction. The subject is too important and the need too urgent. There are still places for these interests on the band wagon. If they don't embrace the opportunity, they will soon find that the procession has gone on without them.

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REPRIEVES, COMMUTATIONS AND PARDONS

THE DEEP SIGNIFICANCE of a recent event in New York was lost in the shuffle of more exciting news.

Governor Lehman on December 18th pardoned a convict by the name of Edward Larkman. There is nothing so extraordinary in a Governor's pardon before Christmas. What was extraordinary in this case was that the man involved was almost certainly innocent of the crime for which he was put in prison, and which would have sent him to the electric chair if I had not commuted his sentence to life imprisonment in 1927.

Edward Larkman was convicted in 1926 for the crime of first degree murder for killing a paymaster in Buffalo in the previous year. The trial lasted for a week and the jury deliberated forty-three hours before reaching a verdict of guilty. Two judges of the Court of Appeals dissented from the affirmance of the conviction, because they were not satisfied that the identity of the defendant had been established beyond a reasonable doubt. I gave a great deal of study to this case. The responsibility for sending a man to the electric chair is always heavy, and in this instance it was heavier than usual. I finally became convinced not only that the guilt of Larkman had not been proven, but that time might prove that he was, in fact, innocent. In commuting the sentence I therefore made this statement:

"If two Judges of our highest court believe that the State did not establish its case against Larkman beyond a reasonable doubt, I feel it my duty to commute the sentence to life imprisonment rather than exact the full penalty of the law. If anything should arise in the future that would tend in the slightest degree to show a mis-

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carriage of justice, the State would be helpless if Larkman were dead."

In the meantime Larkman remained in prison. In 1929 another man confessed that the 1925 murder was committed by a gang of five, of whom he was one, and not by Larkman. On the basis of this confession, Larkman appealed for executive clemency and Governor Roosevelt appointed the Dean of the Buffalo Law School to investigate the whole matter. Dean Alden recommended a new trial. It was then found that it was too late for a new trial under the existing law, and subsequent efforts to amend the law by special act were defeated. The application for clemency was then renewed and Dean Alden, who was reappointed by Governor Lehman to investigate, recommended a pardon. Without going into detail, it is clear from Dean Alden's report that Larkman was innocent of the crime. What a terrible thing it would have been if through carelessness, indifference or lack of intuition, I had let this man go to the chair in 1927!

No doubt all sorts of morals can be drawn from this story. Those who are opposed to the death penalty, who believe that the State has no right to take human life, who do not believe that the electric chair is a deterrent to crime, and who believe that executions have vicious effects in many different directions, will see in this case a strong argument for their cause. Similarly those who believe that a board of parole should pass on all commutations and pardons instead of the Governor, will hail this pardon as another reason why the executive should be relieved of the heaviest responsibility which he has, and one which interferes in so many ways with the discharge of his other duties and with his health, comfort and peace of mind. Others will find in the Larkman case a justification of the procedure in most of our States, which places upon the Governor the unlimited, unqualified and absolute power of reprieve, commutation and pardon.

Personally I subscribe to this last theory. In cases involving other than capital offences, I am strongly in favor of indeterminate sentences, with full power in parole boards to determine when a prisoner shall be released. I would carry the indeterminate sentence field all the way from the most minor offences to capital cases, but there I would stop. The Governor's power of life and death is his toughest responsibility and, like other severe trials of the spirit, the church and the philosophers teach us that it purges and purifies. It is the Governor's own private Gethsemane. It has a sobering effect on character. It is a great cure for arrogance in office. It sweeps away technicalities and phrases, and presents the bare essentials for a decision, from which there is no appeal on this earth. I am satisfied that this is a responsibility which cannot and should not be dissipated or scattered by entrusting it to any board, court or other agency short of the Executive of the State. When he speaks, it is as the conscience of the people.

It may be that a unanimous decision of the Court of Appeals should be required in the affirmance of death sentences, or that advice from a parole or pardon board should be available, but in the last analysis the Governor should make the decision. I am aware of the enormous strain which this imposes upon him. There is no other strain just like it. It has been said that some Governors have taken this responsibility lightly or coldly. I do not believe it. A correspondents' dinner at Albany some years ago pictured one of our New York Governors as rejecting pardons while bits of paper in the form of snow fell on his desk. As a matter of fact, he was acting in accordance with the dictates of his principles, no matter what his appearance may have indicated.

It is commonly said that most men grow in high public office. If the exact effects of all the influences on a governor could be measured, it would be found that the power of reprieve, commutation and pardon adds, as the Bible says, the most cubits to his stature.

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Tomorrow's Gadgets

by Donald Wilhelm

The Depression has been a busy time in many of America's amazing research laboratories. Donald Wilhelm reports on a survey of the remarkable collection of new devices, gadgets and improvements now awaiting tomorrow's market.

DEPRESSIONS, it would seem, are good for inventive and ingenious souls, here meaning those scientific men who, much more even than our public men, achieve "the shape of things to come." Behind the scenes, at any rate, the reshaping, the reformation, of innumerable material objects of the Machine Age has been going on, *is* going on, apace. Indeed to one continuously roving about the properties of our businesses and industries it seems that in due course we shall have almost no common denominators of old left to us except our tell-tale five senses —sight and hearing, touch and smell and taste. Nearly all else in our material surroundings as we perceive it today will be changed.

Could one but assemble in one place all of the new things and services which have been born in big and in humble laboratories, in brains and in workshops during this ordeal of fire which we called the World Depression, we should have a veritable mountain range, with each of its countless items a piece that in due course may more or less successfully be fitted into the pattern and picture of American life as it will be lived tomorrow. Indeed, it seems that if in the course of the century and a half preceding the Depression our inventive and ingenious souls multiplied the sum total of items and services available to us a thousand times over, since the begining of the Depression they have doubled the sum total of new things under the sun shortly to be available to us—at a price.

The *price,* to be sure, is important; *where* and *what* it is to be has been one of the principal objectives of the New Deal experiments, for the outcome of which the American people have shown commendable patience in waiting. The materialization, by New Dealism or otherwise, of the wherewithal to meet that price—the happy result is familiarly referred to in industry as *the next buying wave*—is now all that holds from the market this mountain range of gadgets, machines, trinkets, collectively called material consumer goods.

It is noteworthy that in the early days of NRA, at the beginning of the national experiment with codes, the question was frequently raised as to whether government control of productive machinery of necessity meant the placing of penalties upon new machines in order that the *status quo* which the codes were drawn to fit might be maintained indefinitely. But such proposals, so fantastic to business men, failed, and continue to fail, to have any effect upon the inventive genius of those who dwell in the valley of silent men.

First, there is the matter of American housing. As if to prove that even wars and depressions have their consolations, we have, thanks to inventive and ingenious souls, new homes—homes new in kind—proffered to us: homes of steel and of glass about which there has been much ado, along with a thousand and one innovations and improvements to remind us that "it takes a mighty lot of living to make a home." Air conditioning of homes, offices and factories is a familiar story. The numberless aids provided by oil burning, gas and electrical devices also is a familiar story soon to be amended and added to by numberless new items. Here, for example, is a steam-pressure cooking device guaranteed to cook to a turn a five-pound roast in five minutes! Other items among hundreds: both ice and "artificial" refrigerators of new design; colored enamel designs in milk bottles; dough-slicing devices for baking sliced bread (why wait until after baking to slice it?); electric dryers; new fly sprays and sprayers; silver-white, corrosion-resisting screens; new water-resisting washable wall papers; new hangings and outlets for electrical clocks; floor lamps which take up automatically any slack in cords; new plumbing fixtures, very neat and "lovely"; new towels and fabrics derived from tree fabrics new in kind; safety lollypops even, with flexible handles; elastic hats and clothing; "lipstick" shoe-polishes; *safety* shower baths; metal awnings; even rooms with their panels and nearly all else in them made of plastic or synthetic material; and dishes, too, that you can hurl at children or mother, or walls, or ceilings, without breakage!

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Television will be here just so soon as we are prepared to buy televisors and the Federal Radio Commission stands ready to give over its ruling that television stations must be experimental only and have naught to do with commercial income. The latest, and one of the final, steps toward the ultimate objective is the production of instantaneous mass "picturing" as opposed to blurred and flickering pictures resulting from slow, line by line scanning. Thousands of experimenters have contrived sets

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as satisfactory, they say, as home movies, in point of performance. The National Broadcasting Company, knowing that to be forewarned is to be forearmed, has invested nearly a million dollars in wiring their new home in Radio City for television, although none or little of this dual wiring has any immediate, marketable use. In short, all signs indicate that it won't be long now before television will, in general usage, be here, quite as it is already here in no uncertain experimental sense. Now we can hear, by 'phone and radio, round the world; then we shall be able to hear and to *see* round the world! Then Science will again have revolutionized entertainment, combined some and revolutionized others of the Arts concerned. Certain competent, and in every sense practical, engineers in a large laboratory located in downtown New York are fond of talking, to the disconcertion of newspaper publishers, of the day when your home radio will deliver by television printer your daily news reading in tabloid form.

Railroad trains new in kind are here, to recoup if possible the years since 1920 in which railroad passenger traffic has fallen off seventy per cent. Our railroads themselves have, of all things, gone into research! We have the now familiar story of railroad trains scientifically streamlined, air conditioned, luxurious, running at twice the traditional speed or so, with approximately one sixth the weight or so, one fifth the power, one half the cost, with internal combustion motors much like automobile motors. And now, thanks to the American Locomotive Company, we have scientifically streamlined *steam* locomotives in the offing!

One single type of airplane, originally designed as a bomber and converted in the Depression into a passenger ship, caused in a twelve-month span a transcontinental air line traffic race which has already raised the speed for air travel from 120 to nearly 200 miles an hour. The Depression year of 1933 saw the first practical application of "bending" a radio beam on which pilots can glide their planes to safe airport landings out of the darkest and murkiest skies.

We have automobiles new in kind to prophesy a not far distant day when for a number of reasons, of which streamlining is only one, cars will not only be faster and in all manner of ways much more comfortable but should also be cheaper and far less costly to operate. Two of the 1934 makes of cars, the De Soto and the Chrysler, are the first among American makes of cars to be scientifically streamlined, not for appearance sake (we can detect an emergent revolution in designing likely to change entirely the shape of the automobile), but for performance sake alone. Other cars no less revolutionary are ready, with their makers poised to watch public acceptance of these first. And others have in numerous details of construction been revolutionized to provide a veritable glide, characterized by "knee" front wheeling (with rear independent wheel suspension to follow in due course).

These innovations, and scores more, suggest the fact that in general, research in the automotive industry has been energized—not depressed—by the Depression. But only a tithe of the results of such research is today apparent to others than the few privileged to go behind the scenes. Because of streamlining, which in the nature of aerodynamic laws provides hopes that cars will be of more uniform shape, therefore less costly, because as "Boss Kettering" remarked not so long ago to the writer, a gallon of gasoline has enough B.T.U's. to drive a car 300 miles if this fuel were used at full efficiency, and for other reasons I must leave the reader to divine, it probably will not be long before we shall consider even the cars of 1934 as decidedly back numbers so gay is competition in our best-beloved industry.

Cars, like all other material things, of course, are the products not only of design, but of materials. And therefore just about the most precious thing in this world is a new material.

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The mountain range of new things born during and in large measure because of the Depression is amazingly rich with new materials. The duPont industries, for example, have announced, and at the Fourteenth Annual Exposition of our chemical industries in New York City in December *in part* displayed in a veritable fairyland of other new things, 109 items, most of which are new. Duprene, for example, is a synthetic, rubber-like substance with so many special values that, no matter that it costs approximately 20 times as much as crude natural rubber, it has kept a plant running at full capacity for nearly three years. Add Acele, a dull chemical fibre. Add Freon, a nontoxic and efficient refrigerant among other things. Add Lastex, the contribution of the United States Rubber Company, which has revolutionized the characteristics of numberless items of attire. Add Dreft, a new detergent or cleanser among many, developed by the Procter & Gamble Company. Add Plioform, a protean rubber in one more new form, containing no sulphur and highly resistant to moisture, the contribution of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. Add to the ever increasing number and uses of our plastic materials, a goodly half dozen, each with its special characteristics and uses in household and office ornaments and utensils, in gears and tiling, in radio and other cabinets, in telephone sets, clock faces and a thousand and one other items. Add new paints, some made from cashew nuts, new varnishes and lacquers and other protective and finishing materials; new disinfectants; new corrosion inhibitors; new products of hydrogenation—of "marrying parsons" that work all manner of organic changes in common materials while producing new ones and remaining themselves unchanged. Add new rubber accelerators to expedite the output of rubber factories. Add new dye materials, new pharmaceuticals, new derivatives of many old materials useful in creating new. Then, when you have seized upon only a few new materials while skimming through lists and exhibits so large and numerous that they make one despair of even suggesting the progress that our inventive and ingenious chemists have been making—then you feel that depressions *must be* good for such creative souls!

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But, lest these listings be too quickly given and therefore unconvincing, consider just one new material begot during the Depression, while observing closely in one short

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paragraph how one thing leads to another in the complex civilization in which we live, so that, verily, 1 plus 1 equals 11!

In the bright new lexicon of new things under the sun, which among other new things has provided us with a whole new literature about new things, one finds a new generic name, *Solka*. Now Noah Webster never heard of it, no one had heard of it, until, hardly three years ago, a little group of willful and determined and silent men hidden away in a large laboratory in Berlin, N. H., discovered at last how to wrest it, a highly purified cellulose, from the lordly spruce tree. And now this new and newly named material has such a multitude, such a carload and trainload array, of uses that one gets giddy trying week by week to keep track of them. It is used in plastics, mainly to provide greater strength and better coloration. It is used in roofing and in surgical and other dressings; in towels; is made into yarn with distinctive characteristics which is woven into fabrics of a large range and into rugs and carpets of a new order. It is used in pipe and conduit, in all manner of delicate jewelry and other tissues and seemingly in all varieties of paper. It is used abroad as well as here in shoes, in all parts of shoes of both high and low degree except the heels and soles. It goes into the making of rayon; is even used as a flux in welding, is used in wickerware and actually in more industries, more ways, than I could list in whole paragraphs. Still it is not yet three years old!

Again, we may not realize, since most of us suppose that steel is steel and that's that, that in any high-priced automobile we drive there are as many as ninety, and in any medium priced automobile as many as sixty, different steels, other metals and alloys. Nevertheless, automobiles, planes, our railroad trains of a new order and the enormous, ever-increasing, better-than-human and amazing array of other machines used in modern industry, along with all their infinitude of products provided when truly competitive at a minimum of cost, have basically all been made possible, or in any case have been facilitated, by our most neglected valley of silent but potent men, our metallurgists, with their many new families of new metals.

What they have achieved for us during the Depression in terms of new things under the sun constitutes a hefty epic which one cannot set down conveniently in a single paragraph! Everywhere, on every hand, as I have discovered, there are new alloys, hundreds of them, comprehending all kinds of combinations of metals brought from all the far corners of the world, scores of which in the long run will come to be quite as important to us as Monel Metal, duralumin and the stainless steels and many others already have come to be—in other words quite as important as copper, lead, zinc, wrought iron and other old-timers were to our ancestors. And everywhere on every hand, there are new, or improved, processes for heat-treating, shaping and using our metals. In all of the four main kinds of welding, for example—resistance, arc, gas and thermic—enormous, and in some instances startling, progress has been made during the Depression. The time required to weld pipe-line sections together has been halved. Automobile and airplane sections are welded together, and skyscraper and bridge parts also, literally in a flash. Stainless steels, with their great strength but large weight, can be used effectively and economically in trains of a new order (others are made of aluminum alloys) largely because of a new, dependable and instantaneous technique of shot welding, developed by the Budd Manufacturing Company. Meanwhile development of the technique of cylindrical and other grinding has been consistently improved during the Depression, albeit grinding has long been far more economical and dependable than handwork in achieving close tolerances or accuracies in machining metal. And also among scores of other important shop innovations, we have A. V. de Forest's "Magnaflux," a magnetic mode of detecting flaws in metal, far easier than the X-ray to employ, and said to be far superior.

Also we have some important metallic elements now made available by our metallurgists to our manufacturers and to the ever-multiplying range of combinations and permutations of metal reflected in the ever-increasing range of things we use and sell.

There is beryllium, for example. Only a few years ago little more than a laboratory curiosity, today American interests are making it practicable for numerous industries, for numerous uses, including its use as something more than a substitute for semi-precious tin in the making of bronzes and other alloys—a consideration which might be of vital importance to us in time of war.

Again, if nowadays you go over to England, you will notice, if you look closely, that the wheels of many London buses are made of a new base metal lighter even than aluminum. On the Continent you learn that the revolutionary fast train that we have all read about, the Hamburger, is made of this white metal; that some of the parts of all European planes and most of the parts of some are made of it, and that it is also extensively used in trams, monorail cars, automobiles and in all manner of shop machines, home and other items. Also you learn that this metal, magnesium, only a little while back was little more than a laboratory curiosity, and a dangerous one since in finely divided particles it burns rapidly—so rapidly, in fact, that it was extensively and almost exclusively used in fireworks and flares. During the World War all nations needed it for flares. With our imports of it from Germany cut off, five American concerns turned to making it and in 1918 made 284,118 pounds. Germany, hard put for copper and aluminum also, then undertook more intensively to produce magnesium. Accordingly, I. G. Farbenindustrie, I-G developed ways to refine it from magnesite, an abundant earth material, and to make it behave while being cast, rolled, forged, extruded, welded and otherwise shaped. Also, lest we be found wanting, the finely appointed brains and laboratories of both the Dow Chemical Company, which has long made a magnesium from the brines of deep Michigan wells, and the Aluminum Company of America, turned intensively but quietly to its making for use, not merely in aluminum and other alloys, but as a base metal.

Result? We now find that "I. G.," sole European makers of magnesium from magnesite, and the Aluminum Company of America have pooled their patents in the Magnesium Development Company, an American company, and that the Aluminum Company of America, the licensee of the Magnesium Development Company, has established a subsidiary, the American Magnesium Company, to make magnesium available in quantity to American manufacturers, from a plant near Niagara Falls. In short, this metal, a third lighter than aluminum, with some of the properties of aluminum and some peculiarly its own, is, in the strategy of things, a long way ahead of where aluminum was hardly more than a generation ago when

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a small group of devoted men, having refined the first ten pounds of aluminum, exclaimed, "Now that we've got it in the safe, what are we going to do with it?" Everyone knows the answer. And no doubt much the same answer will eventually hold for magnesium, because it seems written in the truth of things that in our complex civilization there is always room for one more metal, with plenty of new uses and even new industries arising from its availability. Indeed one persistently hears, but cannot as yet verify, of an American experimental car with virtually all except its central working parts entirely made of magnesium!

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Yet beryllium, important as a substitute for tin in the making of bronzes and an aid to steelmaking as well as interesting in giving bronze bells a new resonance which would have warmed Paul Revere's heart, and magnesium, are only two among many items in the rapidly changing history of the metals. Pure molybdenum rod, sheet and wire are now available. Metallic barium, of no little importance to our electrical, radio and other industries, has been for the first time made commercially available during the Depression.

These, to be sure, are but straws in the wind. To many of us such items are not important until we discover in them the stuff of new creature comforts, aids to our five senses. Nevertheless, it is largely such items, along with the amazing wealth of new products we shall in due course find available at a price, that make our material civilization. They will be legion—far more than any single individual or organization, even the National Research Council with its periodical questionnaires to manufacturers, can even indicate.

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In New England, birthplace of American industry and the traditional source of most of our great inventions, manufacturers have announced no less than 200 new products and, one may safely wager, these canny New Englanders have quite as many more up their sleeves, abiding a more propitious day for registration and announcement. And meanwhile, for better or worse, there are countless other new things under the sun: new building materials, for example, such as new cements and aggregates, new flexible concrete pipe, new ceramic products and compounds; metal grained wood, new alcohols, new dental amalgams; new pharmaceutical products; new quick-frozen and vacuum-packed foods, new sugar compounds, new margarines and milk products, new coal products and new textiles.

But, once more: In the short space of these pages, one can hardly set down in detail the sum total of progress, or even the sum total of patent certificates which have been granted, during the last four or five hard years! A few illustrations and suggestions must serve to illuminate a profoundly changed scene in which, it seems, every alert American industry has achieved new findings more or less important in their potentialities to us all. In other words, what has been merely suggested here is by no means the whole story.

Instead of ceasing their efforts, our inventive and ingenious souls have somehow found ways and means—*and leisure*—to drive ahead. Until the end of 1931 there was a steady increase in both the personnel and budgets of American research laboratories. The principal electrical research laboratories and many others then began reducing their forces and funds. But many others—many chemical and metallurgical and airplane and automobile organizations—carried on in the main, while some carried on increasingly, grateful for a period of intermediate conjecture in which to prepare to the full for the competition of ensuing busy years. All told, the United States, no doubt, has maintained its world supremacy in research, and European nations have, as in the case of Germany, repeatedly granted that we have always had a world supremacy in merchandising our own, and even their, new findings. And, incidentally, it is illuminating to note that while it goes without saying that many of our corporations systematically keep to themselves many findings which they are not ready to exploit and many inventors and other individuals have lacked funds with which to seek patents, our Patent Office reports that although June 30, 1930, marked the largest of all years in patents issued and applications received, the worst Depression years have not lagged far behind in applications received and 1932 surpassed 1930 in patents issued.

If we now had a national economy without the profit motive dominating the scene, no doubt we should the more promptly be able to enjoy all the new findings and products of our scientists and manufacturers. Then we should not need to wait upon the shadow-boxing of our private entrepreneurs, each playing the game to his own advantage. "In Russia, for example," so some persons insist, "if one or another research organization had an acceptable televisor ready for use today then the Russian Government might say, 'Let's have it!' and forthwith it would appear in every patriotic home!"

If, again, we had a merchandizing and distributing system as highly efficacious and productive in the broad sense as that of the research laboratory, in normal times, at least, such blessings as science has to bestow might flow to us systematically—so it is said.

If, moreover, we had such a national economy as that which is the ideal of Russia, and such a merchandizing and distributing system as such an economy is presumed to provide, then, we are told, we should not have to wait upon obsolescence to enjoy the fruits of today's laboratory work.

Personally, I do not know how to compose such problems and paradoxes as these.

It is true that there are countless inventions which never see the light of day or come to the use of our five senses because private interests find ways and means to shelve them, or because their sponsors are financially unable to make them available to us. There are without question instances in which to do so might upset the fiscal structure of large corporations. It is true that there are numerous products foisted upon us in other than the most desirable form because of private-profit expediencies. And it is also true that there is appalling waste implied in the mode by which our scientists serve us. Today, for example, we buy an automobile quite like one which a European family will drive for ten or twelve years; but tomorrow we are made to *feel* that it is quite out of date. Today a company is organized to exploit some new product or process. In order to raise funds it resorts to mass financing; it builds a million-dollar plant in order to achieve mass production, spends a million or two in mass merchandizing

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and then, as has happened many times, discovers that a scientist in some large or obscure laboratory elsewhere has devised a better product or process.

Our system implies numberless examples of such waste.

But, on the other hand it has caused virtually all of our alert manufacturing enterprises, and many other organizations such as universities, to set up and to operate laboratories which in many instances are the finest that money and science can provide. These laboratories are continuously matching their wits one against another in a veritable battle of the laboratories. The spirit of competition here, for lack of definite proof to the contrary, must be credited as a by-product of the profit motive.

As a practical but little appreciated fact, these laboratories discounted and in large measure long since made obsolete much of our anti-trust legislation. In other words, they have learned the wisdom of using science to obtain patents and patents to obtain monopolies that our Government will, if necessary, call out its best forces to protect, rather than to resort to the old-time technique of restraining trade and, perhaps, being lugged into court for commercial mayhem.

This battle of laboratories, our industrial laboratories themselves and our world supremacy in industrial science, are all in large measure the products of the profit motive in American business.

And, oddly enough, our Government, in its effort to restrain unfair competition by means of anti-trust legislation the like of which has never long existed in any industrial nation on earth, has unwittingly aided, and has energized, industrial research. One of the shrewd purposes of much industrial research has been to provide industrialists with ways and means to get around our anti-trust legislation. In other words, it is a practical but little appreciated fact that alert industrialists long since saw in research a way to beat our Government at its own game, meaning that they saw the wisdom and economy of using research to obtain patents and patents to obtain monopolies which our Government at all times stood ready to protect, instead of resorting to force, with the possibility of being lugged into court for what may be called commercial mayhem. Science, in short, has been used effectively as weapon, spearhead and shield to ante-date and in a measure negate our anti-trust legislation, as if again to remind one of a bit of verse that I once found scribbled on a laboratory wall:

"Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
We specialize in doing the impossible,
Doing the things no man can do!"

But now that our anti-trust legislation has been set aside for a time at least, thanks to NRA, so that the little fellows in manufacturing in some ways have a rather better chance against the big than they had before, some questions come to mind:

Will our industrialists in any large measure give over their use of science as their handmaid and buckler and shield?

The answer seems to be, no. The laboratory has become the creative faculty of most great manufacturing concerns.

Will they undertake to save money by resorting extensively to group effort with central laboratories representative of whole industries as distinguished from individual concerns?

Some laboratories, such for example as those financed, since the Theodore Rooseveltian days of Doctor Harvey Wiley, by the American Canners' Association, have achieved great things for groups supporting them. But if, under the NRA, many industries likewise resort to such group scientific efforts, the results should conceivably be as fruitful as those obtained now under an entirely different set of circumstances. General Motors, for example, employs today approximately 5,000 trained men in its scores of laboratories—surely enough, it would seem to most business men and to most legislators for any single or interrelated industry. Nevertheless, in the automobile industry as well as many others with which General Motors has to do, there are numerous competitive laboratories and in the long run the American public, it seems, profits by such merry competition.

If, indeed, our Government should ever essay to control laboratory research in the United States, by control of the purse-strings or by subsidy of group effort akin to that widely employed in England and on the Continent, or if it should literally take over our industrial laboratories in times of peace, then we may know that we are approaching or have reached the end of our profit-competitive economy. In other words, industrial science has come to be not only a result but the prime weapon or tool of both profit and competition in the United States. It used to be that the success of any manufacturing enterprise mainly turned on the quality of brains at its head; today it is quite as often its scientific brains that determine the issue. It used to be that manufacturing skill told the tale; today factories and their machines and employees are more than ever before the slaves of the laboratory.

And today, when one sees the mountain range of new products and services awaiting our ability to buy them at a price, one knows that surely it is not on the creative or scientific side that American business is to be found wanting. Rather it is on the side of financing and of merchandising and of distribution that American business is remiss.

Would that our valley of silent men—our scientists—could essay these problems as successfully as they have solved their own!

Science has given us during the Depression a limitless warehouse of new things which now merely wait a new buying wave to make their debut in the market place. These things have a thousand and one uses, and may well reveal to us the profound and extensive manner in which science is revolutionizing our world, our way of life, our attitude toward one another, the true measure of democracy.

And if we were wont to reflect, obviously experience has taught not often enough in the days before depression (the current one, of course) how "things were in the saddle," how much more will they be so in the days to come.

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Pigs are the Fashion

By George E. Sokolsky

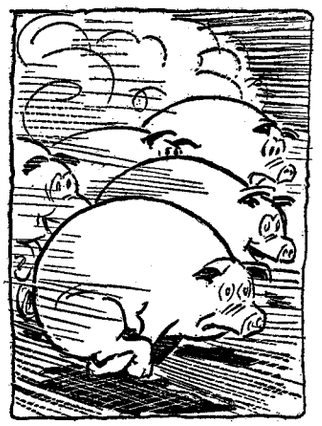
New and surprising recent changes in the temper of the people are here presented by Mr. Sokolsky, a regular contributor to NEW OUTLOOK, at the conclusion of a 23,000-mile tour of the United States.

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
But the best pigs went into Jones' sausages.

NOW, there are too many inaccuracies and ambiguities in this rhyme. In the first place, a pig cannot go to market; it has to be taken. Then it is very doubtful whether one can exactly refer to a pig's domicile as a home; the word "sty" or "pen" would be more exactly descriptive of the pig's habitat. A home is usually the word used to describe the residence of man, as one might say "an Old Maid's Home," or the "Home for the Feeble-Minded." Surely it is a terminological inexactitude to provide a pig's residence with the cognomen, "Home."

Finally, it is not to be proved either statistically, graphically, by a chart or a photographic process that the best pigs went into any sausages. Pigs do not go into sausages. The meat of dead pigs, commonly called pork, after the French word *porc,* are ground in a cast-iron mill and are placed in skins, usually made from the pig's intestines. To this substance called pork is added ground bread and spices, and the entire commodity is commercially referred to as a sausage. It is furthermore difficult to determine after the sausage is placed upon the market from which live pig the inanimate pork originally came. Therefore no one can state truthfully and beyond peradventure that the best pigs went into any particular sausage. In fact, no one knows who's pigs are best.

Therefore, off with someone's head!



In a bureaucratic government the designation of one pig as superior, either biologically or socially, to another can only be the function of an expert. Surely the advertiser who employs a silly and inaccurate nursery rhyme to suggest that he is capable of stating truthfully when a pig is a best pig is intolerable, since he has a sordid motive in the confusion of the public.

In fact, if he had no sordid motive, he would not be making sausages. His sordid motive is the "profit motive." It is quite obvious that anyone who engages in making profits has a sordid motive. But all industry, commerce and finance seeks a profit. Therefore, all who engage or accept employment in industry, commerce and finance are sordid. So what?

The conclusion then is, my children, that only those who do not labor for profits know what they are talking about. But who talk on all things and do not labor for profits, kind sir? The professors! Therefore only a professor can possibly and honestly know what he is talking about.

But has the Professor ever made a sausage? asks the stooge. Oh, no! He has not made a sausage: he may not have seen a pig; he may not be able to tell the difference between the back of bacon and ham, but he *does* know all about it, because he has no sordid motive.

Now that is the logic which certain gentlemen have been employing in their attempt to solve all great questions. For a time, the public took them so seriously that the professors began to take themselves seriously, but as Professor Tugwell said: "Hell hath no fury like a professor whose theories have been disturbed." The professors got to attacking, not only each other, but each other's theories and ideas and prophecies. They began to point out each other's foibles.

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No spectacle of hate was ever so magnificently staged as the tragic struggle between the gold-standard bearers and the inflationists. It was as though Eddie Cantor and Harpo Marx were to stage an eye-popping contest with Mae West as referee. It was in the language of *"Variety"* a *wow.* The American people had been waiting for something to make them laugh. They wanted to roar. They were weary of swinging from the extreme right to the extreme left. They desired to be where they normally are, somewhere in the middle, where things are never altogether too good to be true, nor yet so frightfully rotten that they could not be worse. That's where they are now—and the professors can go on scrapping as to which school of higher thought is perfectly right. In a word, we have departed from Einsteinian economics and have got back to trade.

As I pen these lines, I am in Chicago. Again I have hit the trail: this time in the Middle West. Things are not so bad, thank you. It is true that they are not so good either, but business is picking up. The other day, in Milwaukee I listened to a conversation which hit all the keys of reality at once:

"Hello, Albert, I haven't seen you for a long time," shouted Tom above the strains of "get along, Little Dog,

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get along," or something that sounded like that.

"How's business, Tom."

"Pickin' up, Al," Tom replied.

"So's mine. Things are real different."

"Got any more money than last year?" Tom asked.

"No, no, I think not."

"I haven't either. In fact, I think that money is tighter."

"Things are pickin' up though. You'd be surprised how it is in my line."

"Mine, too. Only the other day I was telling my partner how things were picking up and he said but why don't we have more money, and I said, 'Well, what the hell, you don't want everything.' You know how Jake is, always asking fool questions."

"Sure, the President knows what he's doing. Besides, you can see that things are picking up. What's the use of grousing because money's tight?"

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Now that was typical because it is the attitude of the day. Retail stores, in particular, feel the resurgence of trade, but the money doesn't seem to stick. The business man does not realize, particularly in interior cities, that his dollar is worth about forty cents less than last year every time he buys foreign goods; he does not count up his pennies to know that he is paying more for labor and for every other overhead cost; and in many instances, he blithely forgets that whereas during the past few years he was permitted to chisel on taxes, he is now being asked to pay up, and pay up quickly. His accountant will explain all that to him in due course, but for the present he feels that things are picking up because more people come to the store and more goods leave the factory.

It is true that labor is hard to handle because a fellow can get a job with the CWA which pays more for less work than a regular job, and the New Deal has elevated the business manager of the labor union to a Big Shot. Every business man is having trouble with the labor union business managers, except the smart boys who know either how to "Shmear" or who throw the business manager out of the window on his unmentionable when he begins to talk about "us reasonable men can find a way."

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But the CWA and the bossy labor unions won't last forever. Nothing lasts very long—when did you see your Blue Eagle last? So why worry?

The CWA arouses almost as much fun as the Professors. A woman told me that she saw with her own eyes five men holding a ladder upon which stood one man painting a lamp-post—and she was sure that he was doing it badly. A gentleman countered that he had seen, also with his own eyes, two hundred men sweeping a street. A third told me that a schoolhouse had better remain unpainted than to let erstwhile bond-salesmen do the job.

But, don't you see, it's all such fun. The CCC (Poison Ivy) boys out on the Pacific Coast were irritating. They came into the game too early. They slinked along country roads, tearing weeds out of road banks, so that when the winter rains and snows arrived, there would be no weeds to hold the banks together. That worried the serious-minded Westerners because the CCC boys in the Far West were foreigners; that is they came mostly from New York and Chicago and other places East. The Far Westerner could not see the sense of importing labor from a foreign country like Hoboken to do jobs in Portland and Seattle when there were plenty of unemployed in Portland and Seattle to do the work if there were money to pay them. It did not amuse the Far Westerner to be asked to contribute to the Community Drive to keep his neighbors in milk and coal while the Poison Ivy boys were eating beans and apple-pie and other army rations. In a word, the CCC conception violated every sectional tradition of the American people and therefore was nowhere popular.

But here in the mid-country, no one ever gets annoyed about the CWA, not even when a CWA fellow gets more than a postman who has been earning an honest, if difficult, living during the whole of the Depression. It does strike folks in Chicago as queer that the school teachers should still be unpaid while the CWA boys get a salary. Why, they ask, if Mr. Roosevelt has money to spend does he not arrange to have the Chicago school teachers paid; why is not some system arranged to take up the "city script" in those places where school teachers, policemen and firemen are selling their script at a discount so that they might have cash? Why not use money for essential municipal services before putting the unemployed to work on the munificent pay of fifty cents an hour and up?

On the other hand, they reason that we have to have a Dole and we might as well have a camouflaged Dole. It keeps the proletariat cheerful and they spend their money. It has saved the country from revolution. Business picks up. How will it all be paid—well, isn't this an emergency?

And that gives the keynote to the present middle attitude. The professors swung the country from the Depression to the Recovery. But now the people have swung themselves into the Emergency. I was discussing the American Federation of Labor figures on re-employment with a man on a train out here. We said that so far as we could remember, the Federation put unemployment as its peak at 12,000,000; now the Federation says that only 6,000,000 men are unemployed. But the CWA has given work to 4,000,000 and the PWA and other government agencies to 2,000,000. If the government has given employment to 6,000,000 men and if 6,000,000 are still unemployed, then the total re-employment has been by the government. Although this is contrary to all rule-of-thumb evidence, it is possibly correct because whereas there has been some re-employment of labor in industry and commerce as a result of the NRA, it is also true that there has been considerable laying off as a result of the NRA. The American Federation of Labor reports that 580,000 were laid off in November, and it is obvious even to a casual observer who is neither an engineer nor a Brain-Truster that mechanization is on the increase in every factory that he has visited. Therefore, it is altogether reasonable to accept the figures which show that the government has accepted the full load of re-employment and that there has been no notable re-employment in industry.

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It is a much more sober atmosphere, really, than the earlier ones of intermittent enthusiasm and depression; it is rather a settling down to the reality that the Depression is a long pull and that short cuts to Recovery lead but to the long pull.

And in this atmosphere, no phenomenon is as startling as the continued and increasing popularity of President Roosevelt. There is not as much applause when his picture is flashed, for no good reason, in the movies, perhaps because that has been overdone like the *Star Spangled Banner* was during the War. But there is an almost tangible affection for him among the masses and a growing regard among the business men whom he had undoubtedly frightened by seeming, in an earlier stage, to be in the hands of the Professors.

His apparent ability to shake off failing experiments without a loss of popular favor increases the respect for him among those who wondered just what he would do when the Blue Eagle ceased to fly, when Professor Warren had to be permitted to relapse into a painless desuetude. But apparently, the President is always able to throw the chemicals from the experimental test-tubes into the sink without the loss either of prestige or momentum.

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I have been asked time after time, during lectures and in private conversations, how it is that the Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, can remain in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, as he so obviously disagrees with the Economic Nationalism of the NRA and the AAA. Yet, is that not exactly the technique of the Experiment? Mr. Roosevelt keeps his Rightists on the Right and his Leftists on the Left and he only drops them when they become too troublesome, when they try to drive him to a Right or a Left position. He keeps to the middle, which is why he is personally popular. Of course, during the Blue Eagle Campaign and at other times, he was dragged to what appeared to be an extreme Leftist position, but in due course, he gears himself back to the middle course, a number of the brilliant intellects return to the universities and to private life, sometimes without even a note in the press to indicate that another political obituary has been written. In a word, Mr. Roosevelt seems not to be tied hand and foot to any man or any theory, and all the public has to do is to be fast enough to change as he changes. Where are the great minds who on March 4 were establishing, not a New Deal, but a new state?

Even among such people as I saw in November and December and who gnashed their teeth at the cost of the experiments, there seems to be neither surprise nor anger at his astonishing budget or the method of its presentation. Rather is there a sense that we are in for it and have to go through with it and that one stands by the President.

The capitalist who might be expected to oppose the Rooseveltian experiments is now wholly on the bandwagon, first, because there is an evident rise in sales, and secondly, because he feels that the experiments are being weighted by a new conservatism grown out of the experience of the past year. Also because he meets fewer queer faces when he goes to Washington.

Of course, he still sees the same faces, but he has grown accustomed to them and they are no longer queer. He has come to discover that he can deal with the new bureaucracy, and that most of the new bureaucrats do not really want to resign or make a scene and that therefore adequate compromises can be effected by judicious waiting for the storm to pass over. And in time all storms do pass over, like the Ford quarrel or the Weirtown trouble, or the newspaper code and so on.

Among capitalists and business men generally then the President has ceased to be the captain of a band of Communists who will destroy them, but has rather become a conservator of their businesses. It is difficult for a traveling reporter to witness the laughter and to listen to the funny tales about some of the great minds in Washington and then to note the awe and respect for the President, who, after all, keeps these men in power. One sometimes wonders whether his is the political gift, or whether the people sense in him a strength in which they feel secure. Whatever may be the fundamental psychic explanation for his popularity, it, today, represents the single incontrovertible fact in national politics.

Just as the capitalists are becoming accustomed to the new faces, so are the masses becoming accustomed to the new forms in national life. One wonders, for instance, at CWA wastefulness; yet to an average American it is more satisfactory to hold a man on a ladder and to imagine that one is really working on a job than to stand before some dapper young lady who is a voluntary worker in the county relief, and to ask her for coal for the winter.

The average American has got tired of begging and CWA makes him think that he is working just as the CCC took boys from vagrancy in the big cities to removing poison ivy from the woods and farms. The CWA which may end by perpetuating a Dole in the country is everywhere the least unpopular of New Deal agencies because it has actually substituted work—made work, at times unnecessary work, in places absurd work—for charity. And somehow the fellow who felt that it was charity when he got it from the county does not regard it as charity when it comes from the CWA. It is wages—and for these times, darn good wages.

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In New York, I had noted considerable pain at the RFC seizure of authority in the Continental Bank in Chicago. In New York, there was a presentiment of the government taking over all the banks by voting the preferred stock which the RFC had forced the banks to sell it. But in Chicago, I did not encounter much antagonism, that is, in private conversations. This transaction undoubtedly goes back to the necessity of liquidating Insull. The question is asked, however, what will happen to this bank and the other banks when the RFC is itself liquidated? Will all the bank stock that the RFC holds be thrown on the market, or is this procedure some mystic method by which banks with permanently frozen assets are to be defrosted? If the government is not actually going to take over the banks, what will it do about these frozen assets—what more can it do than private capital did? Yet even with regard to this very involved question, there is a tendency to let the government alone, to give it a chance to support the President.

So ends this budget of impressions in the Middle West, which commenced with a dissertation on professorial lack of humor and ended with the very hard fact that an American really wants to work for a living. Yet, is that not a cross-section of the whole show—froth to start with and after a time something strong that remains when the froth-makers disappear. At any rate, in this part of the country there is a sense of a more normal life.

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Programs for Our Future Eating

By Bion R. East

What will you be eating tomorrow? Recent researches of the dieticians reveal significant deficiencies in the average American diet. Dr. East outlines the plans and programs of the experts to supply painlessly the missing vitamins.

DURING the World War, the price of butter was high. The people of Denmark, the great purveyors of dairy products to the world, took advantage of this situation and greatly increased their exports of butter. In consequence, many of their own children had to be fed on skimmed milk instead of whole milk, and margarin made from vegetable oils and pork fat instead of butter. It is probable that few in Denmark gave much thought as to the possible effects of this change in the children's diet; but, by a somewhat curious coincidence, experiments carried out in American nutritional laboratories a short time before showed that it might have the most serious consequences.

A typical experiment bearing upon the Danish situation is the following:

Two groups of rats, of the same age and general physical condition, are fed upon a carefully chosen diet, which is the same for both groups except that all the fat supplied to one group is in the form of butter while for the other group it is in the form of lard.

With the "butter" rats, all goes well. They thrive exceedingly and lead long and active lives.

But with the "lard" rats, the case is very different. Shortly after the experiment is started, they stop growing and usually begin to lose weight. Gradually, they become less and less vigorous, and huddle, with ruffled fur, on the floors of their cages. They now become highly susceptible to bacterial infection. Sores break out in various parts of their bodies; bronchial and lung troubles are apt to develop; the eyelids usually become swollen and inflamed, and unless this inflammation is checked, it may spread to the eyeball and cause blindness. If the animals are continued on the "lard diet," they invariably die within a few weeks. But if they are given butter in ample amounts before the harm done to them is too great, they usually recover in a surprisingly short time. Thus it is shown that there is in butter—but not in lard—a substance that is absolutely essential for the maintenance of health in rats. This substance is now known as "vitamin A."

The Danish children who were deprived of butter fat proved that vitamin A is also necessary for human beings. Many of them developed the characteristic eye trouble and other symptoms of vitamin A deficiency, some of them lost their eyesight and some died. Fortunately there were physicians in Denmark able to cope with the situation. Administration of cod-liver oil, which is rich in vitamin A, proved effective in almost all cases; and later, when the Danish Government rationed butter so that all children received some regularly, no further cases of eye trouble developed.

By similar methods, nutritional science is carefully analyzing the properties of our foods, is determining precisely what elements are essential to human health, and upon the basis of this information there is being constantly developed the programs for our future eating. So far, about forty "essentials" have been discovered. Included in the list are nineteen different kinds of protein derivatives, glucose (a form of sugar), eleven mineral elements and at least six vitamins. Each of us must receive regularly a sufficient amount of every one of these substances in order to maintain health. If any one is lacking, or is supplied in insufficient quantities, the inevitable result is disease.

There is, in fact, a specific disease connected with a lack of each of the "essentials." These diseases differ from what is commonly meant by the term. They are not primarily due to germ infection, like pneumonia, or to the improper functioning of some bodily organ, like diabetes —they are simply forms of starvation, and they can be of any degree, from a fatal severity to an almost unnoticeable mildness, depending upon the degree of deprivation.

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Paradoxically, the mild cases of these deficiency diseases are far more serious from a public health standpoint than the severe cases. The latter are comparatively rare, and when they do occur are assured of prompt treatment. But millions of people may be badly handicapped by mild forms of some of these diseases without any one being aware of the fact.

Fortunately, research has found that the great majority of the "essentials" are abundantly supplied in common foods and that disorders due to a lack of them occur only under exceptional circumstances. The eye trouble of the Danish children, due to a lack of vitamin A, is a case in point. This ailment is very rare because vitamin A is widely distributed in nature, and it became widespread in Denmark only because of the abnormally restricted diet due to war conditions. But on the other hand, it has been conclusively demonstrated that the great majority of

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Americans do not normally receive adequate amounts of all of the "essentials" and that, as a result, we have, as a nation, been deprived of our birthright of perfect health.

The discovery must be classed among the most important made by science. We now know the true causes of many ailments and weaknesses which are brought about by a civilized mode of life, and, knowing the causes, we can correct their evil consequences. The work of the nutritional scientists, therefore, means better health for many of us, and, especially, for our children.

Two great public health problems due to nutritional deficiencies have already been satisfactorily solved. The first of these is the vitamin C problem.

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Vitamin C is a substance contained in many fruits and vegetables, especially in oranges, lemons and tomatoes. It is called the "anti-scorbutic" vitamin, because a lack of it brings about the dreadful disease known as scurvy.

Until recently, scurvy was chiefly a disease of distress. It was the scourge of armies on short rations, beleaguered garrisons, the crews of vessels on long voyages, explorers and colonists, but it was rare among people living normal lives. It was therefore a matter of surprise to physicians of about thirty years ago when the number of cases of infantile scurvy suddenly increased in both Europe and the United States. We now know what happened. Raw cow's milk contains enough vitamin C to protect from scurvy most infants receiving ordinary amounts of it. Heating, however, tends to destroy this vitamin, and so when it became common practice to pasteurize or sterilize cow's milk by heating it, large numbers of infants were deprived of this protection.

As soon as this situation was clearly understood, a world-wide campaign was inaugurated to teach mothers the simple remedy—feed babies orange juice or tomato juice as well as milk. Everyone interested in public health and human welfare joined in this campaign of education, and so successful were their efforts that scurvy has been practically stamped out in most civilized communities.

The chemical element iodine provides another case of a widespread dietary deficiency that is now being corrected by science.

Less than one ten-thousandth of one per cent of the weight of the average normal human body consists of iodine, but unless this minute quantity is provided, the thyroid gland enlarges and the condition known as simple goiter results.

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The sea is a great reservoir of iodine salts, and those who live near enough to the sea coast to drink water into which dried sea spray has been carried by the winds are rarely troubled with goiter. The same is true of those who live in districts where the soil is formed from rocks comparatively rich in iodine. But in places remote from the sea and where the iodine-content of the soil is low, simple goiter is apt to be prevalent. To mention an extreme case, it was reported a few years ago that many of the men, most of the women, almost all the children and a large proportion of the domestic animals living in a certain western valley had enlarged thyroids.

According to a "goiter map," based on data gained from the military service examinations during the World War, about half of the United States is iodine-poor, the Great Lakes region and the Pacific Northwest being especially deficient in this respect.

The public health problem in iodine-poor areas is to supply every man, woman and child with small amounts of some iodine compound, such as sodium or potassium iodide.

A careful study of this problem was made in Michigan about ten years ago. It was first proposed to treat the water supplies with iodine salts, but it was realized that this method was not of general application because it would benefit the cities only, and it was essential to reach the rural districts as well. Chocolate iodine tablets, given to the school children, proved effective, but failed to reach two very important groups—expectant mothers and pre-school children. The final decision was to persuade the salt manufacturers to put out an iodized table salt.This type of salt is now in general use in iodine-poor districts and the consensus is that it is proving highly effective in preventing the development of simple goiter.

It is to be noted that the iodine compound in iodized salt plays the part of a food and not a drug. Its primary purpose is not to *cure* simple goiter—which is a medical problem—but to *prevent its development*—which is a public health problem. Iodized salt is the first example of a food product deliberately fortified with a needed nutritional element—a practice which will undoubtedly be extended and may, indeed, foreshadow the "scientifically prepared food of the future."

Beyond doubt, the most pressing of all nutritional deficiency problems for the United States at the present moment is that of vitamin D. Though this vitamin is needed to build strong, normally developed bones and sound teeth, nevertheless, a large proportion of our children—at least half of them, and perhaps more—are not receiving it in sufficient amounts. Consequently it is of the utmost importance from a public health standpoint to put immediately into effect plans for distributing this vitamin in adequate quantities to the public at large.

There is a vitamin D problem in this country because we who live here obviously have interfered somewhat with Nature's plans. She intended us to get vitamin D from the sunlight. When the ultra-violet rays from the sun fall on the skin they develop this vitamin in the body. Those who live in the tropics receive an ample supply of vitamin D from the sun, but most North Americans do not because they live in latitudes where the sunlight is weak for a large part of the year. We also have darkened our skies with smoke, and we spend a large part of our lives behind window glass which cuts off the ultra-violet rays.

The penalty for this violation of Nature's plan is the disease known as rickets. This is a disease of infancy and is characterized by poor bone development. In severe cases, the legs may be bowed, the chest contracted, and other deformities may appear; in mild cases, the symptoms may be unnoticed by untrained eyes, but the consequences may be serious, including an increased susceptibility to lung

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troubles, increased tendency for the teeth to decay and (in women) pelves so narrow as seriously to interfere with normal childbirth.

There is abundant evidence proving that adequate amounts of vitamin D prevent rickets when taken in connection with the other nutritional needs of the infant. Considerable data have also been accumulated showing that vitamin D helps to prevent tooth decay—the most prevalent and pernicious disease that affects mankind. Unfortunately, vitamin D is a rare natural product. Vegetables have none of it and only trifling amounts have been found in eggs and some other foods. Cod-liver oil, however, happens to be rich in it, thereby explaining this oil's long known efficacy in the treatment of rickets.

In working out a plan to distribute vitamin D widely to the public, advantage is being taken of a process developed at Columbia University by which the natural vitamin D content is extracted from cod-liver oil. This concentrate is free from the disagreeable fishy taste and odor of the oil, and can be added to plain milk, evaporated milk, bread, and other foods, without in any way altering their flavor. Such "vitamin D" foods, as well as others reinforced with vitamin D artificially prepared by exposing certain substances to ultra-violet light, are now available in many parts of the country. As knowledge of the value of these foods has grown, the demand for them has increased; and though the process will necessarily be a slow one, there is reason to believe that within a few years they will come into general use, and that rickets, like scurvy, will cease to be a public health menace.

Next we have the calcium problem. After having carefully analyzed hundreds of family menus, nutritional scientists have come to the conclusion that many Americans are not getting enough of the element, calcium, in their present diets.

With children, a calcium-deficient diet is a very serious matter, for calcium is one of the chief constituents of bone, but even adults need definite amounts of this element—about an ounce a month—in order to retain full vigor. There is, as a matter of fact, some evidence to indicate that premature old age may often be the result of a diet too low in calcium.

Calcium occurs in a number of foods, including cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce, oysters, clams and cheese, but by far the most important source of supply is milk. Those who drink a quart of milk a day need feel no concern about their dietary calcium; but those who do not (and they obviously are many) stand in real danger of calcium deficiency, because it is difficult to obtain sufficient amounts from any other dietary source unless certain green vegetables, salads, cheese, or sea food are consumed in amounts that are abnormal from the American point of view.

The present remedy for this situation consists in administering certain compounds of calcium in tablet form; but a suggestion for a different solution to the problem lies in the fact that calcium is already being added to bread and some other kinds of baked products. Such addition is not being made for dietetic purposes but to assist in the baking process. Thus, calcium is a constituent of many baking powders; it is employed in the manufacture of self-rising and phosphated flours; and it is also used in connection with stimulants, or "activators," for yeast. It has been shown that the calcium residue in self-rising biscuits actually does possess nutritional value, and so it is possible that bread, fortified with calcium (and also with vitamin D), may be the "staff of life" of the future.

In addition to the foregoing there are other dietary deficiencies now being studied. It is a well known fact that the soils of large areas of this country are poor in phosphorus and that fertilizer of high phosphorus content must be used in order to secure good crops. Since the people inhabiting these areas secure the greater part of their food from the local soil, it is possible that many of them do not get enough phosphorus in their diet. The same may also be true in regions poor in magnesium, manganese, or other elements, just as it is known to be true in the case of regions poor in iodine.

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Cases of phosphorous deficiency are well known to members of the medical profession, and laboratory experiments show that a lack of dietary mangesium and manganese has serious consequences.

If it is found that soil deficiencies do have an effect on the health of human beings, public health authorities, in addition to taking other steps, will undoubtedly co-operate with their agricultural colleagues in determining the proper kinds of fertilizer to use in various districts to the end that the public will have better foods.

These considerations are at the moment merely matters of speculation; but at all events it is evident that we are entering a new era in nutrition and that more and more attention is being given to the nation's diet.

We have still much to learn about *what* we ought to eat, and *how much* of each element we should eat, but the discoveries already made in this field are of such vital importance that work along these lines is being carried on with increased activity in every part of the civilized world. This work holds out great promise for the human race.

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Men of Russia

By James E. Abbe

American business and diplomacy are preparing today to meet and deal with the men of Soviet Russia. Who these men are, where they come from, what they are like is told by James Abbe, an American journalist, formerly employed by the Soviet photographic trust.

THE Modern American Marco Polo, who goes to Moscow for the opening of the "Recognition trade fair" better slip a pair of skates in his sample case, in preparation for the hard game of trading with the Bolsheviks which is just ahead.

The purchasing agents for the U.S.S.R., largest firm on earth, form an extremely hard boiled ice hockey team which gives and asks no quarter. They may occasionally cut figure eights, do graceful arabesques before and after the game, by way of demonstrating the ideals which are deeply embedded in their efforts to establish a hundred per cent socialistic civilization; but there's no fooling when they start pushing the puck of profits toward their opponent's goal.

It is possible that some American business men will recall when the world was startled with the announcement: "Money Done Away With In Russia." But that was in the early days of "building socialism." That "ole devil" money, the root of all evil, the poker chips of the game of commerce for thousands of years, has since come back with a bang! Business is business in Russia; and the men who run it are business men. Some of them are Russians, but most of them of other bloods, and practically all of them have prison records in capitalist regimes.

For the moment on the grounds of expediency, they have relinquished their efforts for a world wide revolution. They feel, with reason, that they safely can wait until the next World War drives an exhausted humanity to communistic experiment. They have bent every effort towards preparing for that war, and they will gamble on riding through the storm with the expectation of sitting pretty after it has spent its force. They are sincerely and heartily in accord with the United States in not coveting one foot of another nation's territory; and for the same reason. Neither of them needs more territory.

Prison life usually imbues the prisoners with a hatred for the class which imprisoned them. In considering the men of Russia, it should be remembered that it isn't often that ex-prisoners get a crack at the society which punished them, but they did in Russia.

The really elite of Bolshevik Russia today are to be found in the membership of The Society of Ex-political Prisoners. This society, a mere sixteen years after the revolution, has achieved the social standing of our own D.A.R., the Sons of The American Revolution, or the less known but still more exclusive Order of the Cincinnati which takes in only descendants of the officers of our American revolution. Russia's Society of Ex-political Prisoners admits only those who served at least six years in Tzarist, or foreign, prisons. Five years and eleven months won't do. There are no known exceptions to this rule.

There are no membership dues. But the society is a self-supporting unit, economically independent through the proceeds of its factories and farms, with its country home, town club house and hospital. It sets an excellent table in a land where food is scarce. And the table is set with china which bears the crest of the order: a barred prison cell window, drapped with manacle chains. The club walls are covered with paintings and photographs of the less pleasant side of prison life under the Tzars, with the photographs of those dead and alive, who endured imprisonment and torture in the cause of overthrowing the Romanoff dynasty. Belief in communism is not even a requisite to membership. Any bomb thrower, agitator, or anti-Tzarist whose efforts merited and were rewarded with the required six years in prison is eligible. Joseph Stalin's photograph is prominently displayed on the club house walls.

It isn't suggested that because of their prison records, the rulers of Soviet Russia are a criminal class, for it must be remembered that political crimes committed in the cause of an ultimately successful change of government have a way of getting written into history as deeds of heroism. It is merely that ex-prisoners become perforce realists. The men of authority in the U.S.S.R. face the situation in the way it demands, and mean business when "business is *business.*"

Moscow is the market place of the often-mentioned "one sixth of the earth's surface." But for all of its recently constructed buildings, tram cars, automobiles, crowds of pedestrians, it still retains the aroma of an Asiatic trading post.

The two gigantic cabarets (Yar and l'Hermitage) in which money was squandered by visiting merchant princes in the old regime, are today a cinema studio and home for visiting peasants, respectively. But "merchant princes" from Europe and the United States, their salesmen and resident representatives, may be seen in the bar of the Metropole Hotel. Lincoln cars bring foreign business men to the entrances of the National followed by motor

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trucks loaded with swanky luggage. The theatres, the opera are sprinkled with well-groomed bourgeoisie from our decadent capitalist lands.

A new aristocracy has started to form in proletarian Russia. It is the "correct thing," in fact almost obligatory, to be of proletarian origin. The tables are merely turned. Being "well born" in Russia is to be born of laboring parents. Children of Communist toilers still play with the grandchildren of old regime aristocracy, if any, but there exists a social demarkation, nevertheless. Children of higher officials who live within the Kremlin walls have governesses and what not. But the self-made Bolsheviks who really run the business of the U.S.S.R. would never submit to the "bringing up father" racket, with one or two exceptions, and those exceptions have already been "brought up."

When our Embassy is formally opened, and we have "recognized" the possibility of U.S.S.R. Ltd., paying its bills, the international atmosphere of Moscow, the world's biggest one firm purchasing department, will be added to by the influx of more "American Merchant Princes." It is then that our troubles may begin. The record shows that others *have* failed.

Our reddishly sympathetic Ambassador Bullitt is not nearly so red as was Sir Esmond Ovey, the British Ambassador who arrived after the broken diplomatic relations between England and Russia were resumed in 1928. Sir Edmond's reddishness faded as contact with the Bolshevik experiment increased, and he returned to gentlemanly England in 1932, his blue blood boiled down to deep indigo. Time will tell whether His Excellency, the American Ambassador, will make allowances for what the Bolsheviks call "the actualities of building socialism," because the Bolsheviks, at least those in Moscow, make no bones about admitting that a revolution is not consolidated over night, nor can they be expected to go soft with bowing and scraping in a pink tea effort to make their Union of Soviet Socialist Republics economically self-dependent. Economic and political ice hockey is the nearest to parlor sport they are prepared to indulge in, in these times.

Ambassador Bullitt's acceptance of the code of ethics obtaining in American football may stand him in better stead than did Sir Edmond's cricket background. We'll hope for the best. There can be no question about Russia having a stable government. With all our pouting, we had to recognize that fact. So our Ambassador must adapt himself to what he finds in Moscow. If it gets rough, he must always remember that he was, what the English term, "arsking for it."

Realization of the toughness of the job which lies ahead, both for our diplomats and for our business men, in dealing with these hard-boiled Men of Russia long since came to our far-sighted state department, and led to the grooming, in bordering states where they would come in contact with Russians and Russian methods, of a group of bright young Americans who will now form the nucleus of our diplomatic corps in Soviet Russia.

It is at this stage a moot question how many Americans, and of what categories, will be allowed to follow their diplomatic representatives into Russia. The Soviets are already taking steps to see that they will have a hand-picked selection of Americans to deal with. The first step will be to qualify at the New York office of Amtorg, ostensibly and legally an American firm for Russian trade. The determining factor in the selection will not be what you believe you have to sell, or can do, for Russia, but what the Soviets decide they can use to advantage, both in material and in men.

If you are among those called or chosen, you will enter at Moscow an atmosphere which has few points of similarity with the American business scene. Your office, if you are fortunate enough to get one, will be located in a hotel room. Be prepared to get nothing but cold water out of the tap marked hot, and nothing at all from the one marked cold. Don't make the mistake of importing your own secretaries; the Soviet Government reserves the right of knowing all the details of your business in the U.S.S.R., and in order to achieve this end supplies you with secretaries and interpreters sworn to report your business regularly to the *Gay Pay Oo,* the Russian Secret Police. There is no such thing for a foreigner as a confidential secretary in Russia.

Pull is an important thing in Russia as it is in any other land. While a letter from Senator Borah may still be of some help, you will find it more practical to begin establishing contacts with some of these "Men of Russia." Although in the end disappointment may lurk in this procedure because it entails the risk of finding, at any moment, that your contact has been removed, or "liquidated" from the scene:

JOSEPH STALIN (which is not his real name) Dictator of Russia (which is not his title) is a minor official of the Soviet Government. He is but one of the three hundred or so members of the Central Executive Committee, and yet, nevertheless, he is the first man of Russia today. Although serving as secretary of the All-Russian Communist Party, Stalin is not a Russian. He speaks his native Georgian perfectly, but his Russian is marked with a decided accent. Educated in a monastery, he lends his considerable force to the suppression of religion. He has a trick, well-learned, of keeping his eye on the outside world and his mind on Russia. Neither an engineer, nor an economist, he conceived and forced through the greatest project of economic construction in history, The Five Year Plan. He lives in a palace of the Tzars but he has no interest in luxury. Known as a man of steel, he unbends with gracious charm when receiving an infrequent foreign visitor. His every feature is commensurate with "stalin," the Russian word for steel. Yet he can laugh out loud, if, from where he sits, he can see anything funny. Everybody knows about Stalin, but nobody knows him, not even his confidential secretary, who looks like a peasant retainer of the old Georgian Stalin family.

This secretary's office is next to Stalin's, and there is no way into the Chief's office except through that of the secretary, who formerly was a small-town photographer, and still dabbles in photography, although he has never bothered to photograph his chief. With military spike-bayoneted guards up and down the corridors, stairways, and entrance to the old palace in the Kremlin, the secretary presents the incongruous picture of the family gardener who is given the run of the house. The biggest official in Soviet officialdom has to stand by and wait for the secretary to reach for the blue glass handle on the massive door to Stalin's private office before entering the great man's presence, even though he may have been hurriedly summoned by the great man himself. He wears unpressed two piece suits,

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sits and stands with his hands in his pockets does this secretary, with a long tubular Russian cigarette pendent from his nether lip. Good natured of face, with easy and ready smile, this man knows more state secrets than probably the entire politbureau combined. Up to the present time so far as is known, only three Americans have ever passed by this secretary to be received by the most unapproachable individual in current history. It is possible, through the Foreign Office, and after considerable scrutinizing of one's application, to get through on the phone to Stalin's secretary, but this process might require weeks, and has required months.

LAZARUS M. KAGANOVITCH (*member Politbureau or arbitrary "brain trust," and chief organizer of the Second Five Year Plan*). This Polish Jew is Stalin's Number One Boy, and his logical successor as dictator, despite the fact that his race counts against him. This point was brought out when Stalin appointed Kaganovitch Secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Party, and met with their refusal to consider him because he is a Jew. Stalin tried to force him upon the reluctant Ukrainians, but finally gave up and recalled him. Kaganovitch gained his greatest prestige by rescuing Russia from the wheat famine of 1933. He organized and marshalled forces to replace the peasants dead or dying from hunger, drawing upon man-power of industry and the army to revive demoralized peasant workers. The results of his labor were salvaging a lucky wheat crop, putting bread in 160,000,000 mouths and staving off the possible breakdown of the entire system through hunger. He became a national hero over night. Yet this man of unique power and organizing ability is without the taint of a publicity-seeker and is said to be more inaccessible even than Stalin. He is like Stalin in many ways; in dress, in figure, even to the point of imitating mannerisms, even to the point of shaving his beard and leaving a Stalin-like mustache. Similarly he holds no important government offices, but is next in rank in the Russian Communist Party. A great organizing genius, he advocates extreme centralization of government.

MAXIM MAXIMOVITCH LITVINOV (*Commissar of Foreign Affairs*). M. Litvinov is the super-traveling salesman of Bolshevism. This shrewd Polish Jew has fought diplomatic battles in every political arena where the gate receipts warranted his appearance. He returns from these victories from time to time to his spacious Moscow office furnished in original Louis Quinze, apparently for no other purpose than to check up one more Red diplomatic triumph by sticking a new red glass tack in the huge map which covers the wall behind his desk. The secret of the success of this *enfant terrible* of international diplomacy is that he talks economics at economic conferences, disarmament at Geneva. He is a member of the old Siberian Exile Family. Returning from this experience without permission of the Czar, he became head of a band of highway robbers which included Joseph Stalin. They operated in the Caucasus, where they are credited with the murder of a Czarist convoy and the robbery of a car of the Imperial Bank. It was a fast double play with the moneybags, Stalin to Litvinov, Litvinov to Paris, (for the purpose of investing the loot in Communism). When the French police called it foul, Litvinov successfully defied extradition on the grounds that it was merely a political infraction of the rules. He was equally successful in escaping prison in wartime England when accused of being a German spy. He has, however, seen the interior of a British cell, on the door of which, during his occupancy, was hung the placard: "MILITARY GUEST OF HIS MAJESTY." This former highway robber and ex-guest of His Britannic Majesty subsequently, while spreading Communist propaganda, worked as banker, draughtsman, foreign language teacher, corset salesman, the while using numerous aliases under one of which he courted and married the niece of Sir Sidney Low. His two cultured children are being brought up in a refined way (under the name of Litvinov) in an apartment over a garage in Moscow.

VIACHESLAV MIKHAILOVITCH MOLOTOV (*Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars*). Called a "Power Philosopher" Molotov's position would correspond to that of the Premier of France, and his relationship to President Kalinin would be that of the French Premier to the figurehead President of France. But the picture is further complicated by the fact that the actual ruler of all the Russias is Joseph Stalin. However, Molotov has been, since the ascent of Stalin to power, the chief protege of that all-powerful person. Fidelity to Stalin has been the keynote of his steady political rise. On the way up he filled vacancies left by some of the exiled oppositionists, and helped remove the exiled Trotzky's followers in the army, Party, and in Civil Service.

Molotov was born in what is now the Soviet Tartar Republic, and spent his youth in agitation among the proletarians. Imprisoned, exiled to Siberia, he escaped in 1916 and was one of the three Bolsheviks who organized the workers' riots at the beginning of the Revolution which led to the downfall of the Czar. He then organized the masses in their street campaigning against Kerensky and his Provisional Government. Molotov is also President of the Council of Labor and Defense, and the all-powerful Politbureau. He is noted as the father of the violent Collectivization Movement, which organized the poor and middle-class peasants against the *kulaks*.

GREGORY KONSTANTINIVITCH ORDJONIKIDZE (*Commissar for Heavy Industry*). Ordjonikidze, a Georgian, was educated in a training school for nurses and in Czarist prisons. His knowledge of foreign lands was acquired while a revolutionary fugitive from justice.

Like a Soviet poster come to life, he portrays the idealized proletarian figure. Grey locks like wreaths of smoke curl up over the edges of his leather-visored cap. While Grain Dictator, he ran roughshod over the peasants for eating the seed intended for planting. An ace "fixer" for the Communists, an efficient organizer, and technically trained himself, he became Russia's General Johnson of Heavy Industry. His first duties were to overhaul and mobilize the limping steel, iron, and coal producing projects of the First Five-Year Plan. "Everybody takes baths since the Revolution and wears shoes," is typical of Ordjonikidze's explanations as to why a shortage of shoes and soaps among other things exists in Russia. He dares to throw politics and almost discretion to the winds as he scourges the nomadic Russians for changing jobs, fires engineers with strange prodigality for a land where an engineer is a minor god, and characterizes Magnetogorsk "not a Socialist city, but a Socialist pig-sty."

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KLEMENTY VOROSHILOV (*Commissar of War and Commander-In-Chief of the Army and Navy*). He is the dashing yet modest cavalry officer who is charged with preparing the Russian forces for an anticipated war. Handsome. Quick to smile. Possessed of dancing blue eyes, he appears younger than his fifty-three years. When he reins up his high-spirited cavalry horse in front of Lenin's Tomb to salute Dictator Stalin and politbureau members on May Day, his dynamic presence distinguishes him as supreme commander of one million armed men. Arrest, exile, escape, and instigation of mutiny in Czarist regiments are a few high lights of his career from coal-miner to Red War Commissar. Not politcally ambitious like Trotzky, who was exiled after having built the Red Army machine, Voroshilov continues in the confidence of the canny Stalin. Although willing to be Stalin's adjutant rather than rival, Voroshilov is powerful and capable enough to control the Red war machine and its political arm, the GPU. In his zeal to make the harassed peasants produce more and more grain, Voroshilov once sounded the alarm of capitalist invasion. The peasants took him literally and caused a panic by hoarding already scarce stocks of food and clothing. In order to undo his mistake, Voroshilov had to back down. He did this by declaring the danger inevitable—but not immediate.

LEON M. KARAKHAN (*Vice Commissar of Foreign Affairs*). This Armenian is Russia's star man in dealing with Eastern peoples, and is a master in his knowledge of the Oriental mind. His name, in Armenian, means "Black Prince," and Karakhan looks the part. He is the handsomest of Soviet diplomats, with black goatee and raven hair, tall, suave, scholarly. He has a keen mind unhampered by scruples. He speaks six Asiatic languages, also Russian, Armenian, German, French, and English. He loves luxury and picturesque and elegant clothes and indulges these tastes and gets away with it in a land where working clothes are the standard. The answer is: he knows that he is indispensable.

In 1923 Karakhan sent several representatives to Pekin to negotiate for Chinese recognition of Soviet Russia, but without success. But when, in 1924, he traveled to Pekin in person, the Chinese were so charmed by his personality that, despite the fact that he repudiated promises which he had made them, they gave in and recognized Russia. Karakhan was made Ambassador to China, but when he went to get the keys to the old Russian Embassy, the American Minister, Schurman, dean of the corps, refused to surrender them. Schurman and his fellow foreign diplomats were all ministers, and Karakhan as the only Ambassador in Pekin would outrank them all. Finally the American minister gave in, and handed over the keys with the warning that this would not mean American recognition of Russia. Karakhan tersely replied that within ten years the people of the United States would demand recognition. He was equally short with the then American Secretary of State, Hughes, when the latter protested against the Russo-Chinese agreement concerning the Chinese Eastern Railway, stating that "it is none of America's business." Karakhan made a treaty with the Japanese giving them a coal-and-oil-favored nation agreement, hoping that it would influence American recognition. Harry Sinclair had oil interests on Russian territory occupied by the Japanese at Saghalin, the Japs threw Sinclair out—and Karakhan maneuvered the treaty with the Japanese which allowed Sinclair to return. Meanwhile, Karakhan was getting into trouble with the Chinese for subtly and effectively spreading Bolshevik propaganda amongst them. They demanded his recall, but the Soviet Government threatened to break off relations if he were not allowed to remain as Ambassador. The Chinese gave in, Karakhan (who was in Russia on leave at the time) returned to Pekin to leave for good in 1927.

Karakhan had a long training as a youth in fomenting rebellion by cunning methods, and had his share of imprisonments and banishments. The latter suffered through his pre-Revolution affiliation with Trotzky. In Vladivostok, where he had been banished as a boy, he learned the six Asiatic languages; this knowledge gained in exile, together with his understanding of the intricacies of the Asiatic mind, enabled him, in 1929, to consummate pacts with Turkey, Afghanistan, and Persia, to strengthen these four powers against the political and economic supremacy of Western Europe. Karakhan is a great favorite of Kemal Pasha, and has received handsome gifts from the Turkish Dictator. One of his most recent accomplishments was the arranging of a satisfactory compromise with the Japanese in the fishery dispute of 1932. He was seriously considered for the post of first Ambassador to America; but it is now supposed that his value during the Russo-Japanese tenseness of the past two years makes him indispensable in that capacity.

MIKHAIL KALININ (*President of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics*). Kalinin, seventy and kindly, is a rarity among Russian officials because of the fact that he is Russian-born. He is affectionately known to his people as "Uncle Mischa." His is the ability to smooth over many controversies. He receives some 300 peasants daily in his unostentatious office in Moscow, and reconciles these unproletarian citizens to proletarian concepts, paying personal attention to their individual grievances. Kalinin is one of the few who have differed with Stalin on major policy and remained in office (or on earth), and is the highest official in this category. He opposed Stalin's former policy of spreading revolutionary propaganda abroad, and lives to see his contention on this important subject become ostensibly a party policy.

The legend that Kalinin is a peasant is only justified by his having been born on a farm of peasant parents, plus the fact that he has a better understanding of peasant psychology than most proletarian officials. His career, however, is proletarian and revolutionary; he started as a metal worker, relinquishing this work when he entered revolutionary politics as a member of the Socialist Party in 1898. Like all big leaders he served his term in prison, taking an important part in the revolution of 1905 as member of the Council of Workers' Deputies. Worked on editorial staff of "Pravda," disguised radical labor newspaper before the Revolution; was once Mayor of Petrograd, before the name was changed to Leningrad.

Kalinin is more or less of a figurehead; his "big moment" coming only bi-annually when he stands atop Lenin's tomb in Red Square and acknowledges the salutes of some two hundred thousand marching Red army troops followed by a million ambling proletarian workers. His salute is more

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proletarian than military, and his arm gets visibly weary after the first five hours.

S. M. BUDIENY, *General, and ranking Red army cavalry officer.* Budieny made the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics possible, without knowing why, or caring. A born rough-riding two-gun moustachioed peasant, his principal knowledge of military strategy was to ride roughshod over the enemy and shoot him in every place visible. A born fighter, he joined the Tzarist army because he heard there was a war; the cavalry, because he knew how to ride a horse. In this army he rose to the rank of sergeant-major of dragoons.

He was down in Baghdad fighting the Turks when he heard of the Russian Revolution. He returned to his native village; gathered six peasant cronies and, arming each with a pistol, a sword, and a rifle, he galloped off to see what the shooting was about. In a surprise night attack he replenished his equipment by capturing from the Whites 360 rifles, four machine-guns and 275 horses. The result: he found himself in command of a volunteer army of roughriding sabre-slashing cavalrymen. He joined up with the Bolsheviks after saving Moscow, their headquarters, by cutting off the advancing White Russians. Incidentally the Bolsheviks, at this time, had never heard of Budieny and his free-lance army. After the victory, Lenin welcomed him to Moscow and tried to teach him some of the ideals of Communism but Budieny was more interested in continuing his victories against the Poles and White Russians.

From the standpoint of military ethics and respect for discipline from higher-ups he was a complete failure; but, as a result-getter, an outstanding success. His greatest weakness was in not keeping Moscow informed of his movements and victories. He finally agreed to compromise by despatching bare facts of his successfully cumulating attacks on the invading army. These sounded so incredible that he was queried as to how his victories could be verified. He grudgingly replied that if he ultimately turned up in Moscow with his army, or any part of it, they'd know he had won; but if he rode in alone on his horse (Budieny believed he himself had a charmed life), they'd know he had lost. When he finally visited Moscow, it was with at least the remnants of his army; and everybody knew there were no more live Poles or White Russians left in the Soviet Union. Today, General Budieny may be seen, wearing on his massive breast every decoration the Soviet Government has to bestow, surrounded by adoring women and appreciative foreign diplomats, sipping tea through his gargantuan moustaches and enjoying a well-earned social prestige at the official Foreign Office functions. His horse may also be seen, stuffed and surrounded by paintings of famous horses of the past, and bronze equestrian statues culled from the palaces of liquidated Russian nobility. The horse stands in the Soviet Horse Museum, on a landing halfway up a stairway, as if the fiery general had ridden him there and left him for the admiring gaze of posterity.

VALERY MEZHLAUK (*Chairman of Gosplan*). As the head of the Supreme Council for State planning, Mezhlauk is probably the world's largest-scale purchasing agent. He is the six-foot American Big-Business-man-type. He speaks English slowly while smoking big black cigars. He has made two visits to the United States and negotiated contracts with firms of consulting engineers for the construction and development of Dneiperstroy Dam, Stalingrad, for tractor plants, for steel mills, chemical plants, for the improvement of coal mines, and for $30,000,000 of Ford products, including construction of the Nizhni-Novgorod Ford factory. He is the executive head of the $38,000,000,000 industrial rehabilitation project known as "The Five Year Plan."

KARL RADEK (*Contributing editor of "Izvestia," official government newspaper*). Radek is the mouthpiece for Soviet foreign policy, whose mouth has often been closed, and reluctantly opened again, by a government which cannot afford to liquidate him, but does not dare to give him free rein. He is a brilliant individualist who theoretically concedes the necessity of coördinated mass thought. He is called "the bad boy of the Bolsheviks" by party members who disagree with him and cannot assimilate his independent thinking. Radek has frequently been suppressed by radical organizations for being too radical. His record even before the 1905 Revolution was one of revolt and agitation. This he continued in Russia and abroad; returned in the sealed car with Lenin to Russia to help carry out the 1917 Revolution. Has served time in prisons. Usually, when radicals get into power they become conservative in set policies, but Radek isn't that kind of a man. This quality of the perpetual revolutionist has cropped up many times since the 1917 Revolution, as well as before.

Although he helped in the Brest-Litovsk negotiations with Germany, and was later imprisoned there for agitation, he lost his position on the Executive Committee of the Communist International and was also removed from the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party because of Communist failure to seize power in Germany. He was removed from the Politbureau of the Central Committee because he defended the German Communist Party when it was criticized by the Russians. He next lost his *"Pravda"* editorial position, and that of director of the Sun Yat-Sen University for Chinese revolutionary students in Moscow, because he supported Trotzky. Nevertheless, two years later he attacked Stalin violently, and signed the Opposition manifesto accusing the Dictator of betraying the Chinese Revolution and of compromising with the "Mugwumps" of British trade unionism; although he had several important official positions, he was expelled from the Communist Party with the Trotzkyites, and soon afterward tried to escape from Russia, but was stopped by the Government Secret Police and banished to Ust-Sesulsk. He confessed his error two years later, and was readmitted to the Communist Party, but never regained his old political power. He is still, however, the most powerful journalist in Russia.

MICHAEL BORODIN (*Editor of the English-language "Moscow Daily News"*). Borodin's comparatively unimportant post is due to a lot of rapid liquidation. This Czechoslovakian Jew was educated at Valparaiso University in Indiana; and spent many years agitating for the International Communist Party, in Spain, in Mexico, in America, the British Isles, and China. Imprisoned in England, he was deported and went to Canton, where he soon acquired great influence with Sun Yat Sen, who invited him to become Communist Advisor in his once-planned Social Demo-

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cratic experiment. Borodin in this capacity imported military advisers and money (40,000,000 gold rubles) from Russia in an attempt to divert the Chinese Nationalist Revolution into Communistic channels. Despite Sun Yat Sen's death-bed admonition to his son: "Remember, Borodin's word is my word," the latter ousted him upon his father's death. Borodin got in bad with the Soviet Government for clashing with Ambassador Karakhan and failed finally in his Communist agitations in China, although he is credited with having had enormous power and influence in that country. His failure to swing China into a full-fledged Proletarian Revolution caused the curtailment of his influence and activities; given the post of head of the Russian Paper Trust, he failed to produce his quota of paper, and was relegated to his present position, where he now works as faithfully for "The Cause" as when his job was a bigger one.

'JUST' PADOLSKY (*master mind of the Foreign Office Press-Censorship Bureau*). He may have a first name, but it is doubtful that anyone in Russia, including his wife, knows it. He is a soft-spoken Jew in eight languages, not counting American slang, of which he has a thorough knowledge. Padolsky is a hundred per cent Communist who declined the position of Chief Censor because he has no interest in titles. He is one of the new Bolshevik officials trusted to accept dinner invitations in the homes of resident bourgeoisie. He can kill, delete, or regretfully return a cable which he might consider detrimental to the Soviet State with such suave but unbending courtesy that the pleasantness of the experience might almost, but not quite, overbalance the chagrin of being turned down.

GEORGE ANDREYCHEN (*ex-Moscow Manager of Amtorg*). This Roumanian now holds an Intourist post similar to Grover Whalen's gladhanding job under Jimmy Walker. Andreychen is one of the many old I. W. W. agitators now in official Soviet positions, gained through their knowledge of English acquired in American jails. He had the misfortune of picking the wrong horse in boosting Trotzky; but he got off easier than most such dissenters, doing penance by organizing a local Soviet in a remote Siberian village. He is a good example of how far a Bolshevik can go in Russia if he knows foreign languages, valuable in negotiations with outsiders. It may have been Andreychen's Leavenworth English that got him the job of greeting the Lindberghs on their recent Moscow visit. Before Recognition, and before being thrown out of Amtorg, Andreychen was facetiously known to the American correspondents as "The Yankee Consul."

JERRY LIFSCHITZ (*Ex-Vice-Yankee Consul, ex-Second-in-Command of Moscow Amtorg*). This Polish Jew, like Andreychen, had an American jail and prison record for I. W. W. activities; and an added palm for being twice tarred and feathered by irate Midwest American farmers.

Young, whitehaired, hunchbacked, he engineered one of the most unique bits of sabotage ever attempted. A certain American hotel was being opened ostentatiously with non-union labor. Using I. W. W. funds, Lifschitz led fellow I. W. W.s *en masse* against the hotel; they occupied nearly all the rooms; paid their bills upon leaving, but not before collecting and installing in the hostelry the world's largest collection of *Cimex Lectularius* (bedbugs). When the Russian Revolution broke out, Lifschitz and nearly four hundred American colleagues started for the Promised Land via the Pacific. They arrived in Vladivostock just in time to be thrown into prison by the Czechoslovakian army which had just captured the city. Once a week the entire band was marched into the courtyard and six of them were arbitrarily selected and shot. Week by week the band grew smaller. Lifschitz's enormous shock of hair turned white from the ordeal of waiting a year and a half for his turn—which never came. During an inspection trip made by American army officers a certain major recognized Lifschitz as an I. W. W. whom he, in his capacity as detective, had kicked out of Brooklyn. The major was big-hearted, and Lifschitz added one more to his long list of narrow escapes in service to the Cause. He has devoted a life of hardships to it which few bourgeois patriots would undergo for either Capitalism, or their country.

ANDREI BUBNOV (*Commissar of Art and Education*). Bubnov presents the rare spectacle of a hard-boiled proletarian army officer who is also an intellectual with a feeling for art. Before his ascent to his present post he had incurred Stalin's gratitude by efficiently stepping into the breach left in the organization of the Red Army by the downfall of Trotzky. Bubnov's early record entailed specialization in the hazardous occupation of fomenting revolt in the ranks of the Tzarist army. One of his most spectacular accomplishments after the Communists came into power was in firmly stamping out the Kronstadt Revolution of sailors and workers against Communist Party rule in 1920, where he appeared in the new role of killing revolt instead of fomenting it.

WILHELM A. KURTZ (*President of Intourist; government travel bureau*). This Austrian, who is head of the world's wealthiest travel agency, is a member of the Central Executive Committee (Russian legislative and administrative body). Formerly President of the German-speaking Volga Republic, he began his revolutionary career while a student by participating in the street-fighting of the 1905 Revolution. During his recent visit to America Kurtz stopped at the Ritz-Towers, which hotel thus became the first to hang out the hammer-and-sickle Red Flag in honor of a visiting Soviet official. While here he was asked by Americans whether Stalin or Kalinin had sent any message by him to the American people and he invited Communist discipline by replying: "As president of Intourist, I give orders—I don't receive them!" He has never been noted for taking chances for the Cause, although he once was sentenced to death by counter-revolutionists, but escaped.

The tourist to Russia becomes Kurtz's paying guest immediately he sails from New York on an Intourist ticket. Entering Soviet territory he is cared for (sometimes neglected) by the thousands of Intourist employees. The tourist never has occasion to be bewildered by the fact that the official rate of the ruble is about fifty cents, when a glass of tea costs two rubles, but pays anywhere in Russia with outside money. Over twenty thousand Americans have visited Russia through Kurtz's more-or-less efficient system. Some had a good time. Others returned to write books about it.

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SPENCER WILLIAMS (*Moscow Director, American-Russian Chamber of Commerce*). Williams, an ex-Syracuse, N. Y., newspaperman, fell into his present job while visiting Russia as a free-lance. Neither Communist nor a radical, but an accidental business man, he has become semi-official liaison officer between Russian bureaucracy and naive American manufacturers who have something to sell Russia. Williams is a protege of the president of his organization, Colonel (Dnieperstory) Cooper. He speaks Syracuse Russian despite five years in Moscow. Williams has explored further into Russian bureaucratic maze than any other resident American; perhaps because he realizes the futility of becoming temperamental when Soviet trust officials indulge their customary habit of failing to keep appointments. When the American Ambassador enters Moscow in triumph, Williams will perhaps be seen leaning from a window throwing down upon the procession, not handfuls of ticker tape as is the custom in bourgeois lands, but scattering masses of the red tape through which he has waded so manfully.

FRANK HERZOG (*Consulting engineer to the Soviet Steel Trust*). An American who, four years ago, entered into negotiations with the trust he now works for on behalf of Freyn & Co., of Chicago. Having left his native land with somewhat radical tendencies, he was so impressed with the building of Socialism in Russia that he threw in his lot with the Bolos. With his family he occupies one of the apartments in the specially-constructed apartment-house for foreign engineers and specialists, who exist on ruble salaries and food books in relatively commodious and frequently heated quarters.

COMRADE SMIRDOVITCH (*"Red Pope"*). Smirdovitch, an atheist, is the official restrainer and regulator of religion in the U. S. S. R. He is a member of the important Central Executive Committee. As the official Anti-Christ of the Soviet Republics, he decides how far remaining priests of the church may go toward preaching the word of God. Kindly, cultured, educated, tolerant in manner, Smirdovitch says religion will die out when divorced from superstitious ritual, pomp, and fear. His job is to help kill it.

MEN IN GENERAL

MEN OF THE RED ARMY sing as they march. All Russians sing. They sing not merely with their hearts, but from their souls. But the soldiers have food in their stomachs. Their singing is more spirited than that of the hungry peasants who provide the food. In great coats to the ankles, skirts and arms swinging in unison, they go with rhythmic movement in response to the rhythm of the life of a primitive people. They possess expressionless faces, until they sing. Then one looks upon —not faces of men—but into the soul of the Slavic race. It is stamina, courage, love of life, contempt for death that they have. Voroshilov says, "The old Russian soldier is dead. He was brave, a natural fighter, but unskilful. His sons are as brave. As strong. But trained to modern warfare." Over a million of these sons are under arms in Russia today, and millions are in reserve. More millions are being born than starve. He, or those, who control the Red Army control Russia. A force to be reckoned with.

But the men who control Russia are not Russians. They are not Slavs. Stalin is a Georgian, a different race. Kaganovitch is a Jew. Litvinov is a Jew. Karakhan, Armenian. Smirdovitch who controls and destroys religion is a Jew. Ordjonikidze is Georgian. Kurtz is Austrian. Karl Radek, a Jew. Men in business for Russia in strategic positions: buyers, traders, are rarely ever Russian. Members of the Jewish race from all over the world predominate. Every member of the foreign office press censor bureau is a Jew. Little men of Russia who help in responsible positions, heads of offices, trusts, are mostly Jews. It is significant that the three warriors in our list are Russians: Budieny, Voroshilov, Bubnov. But Slavic Russia has been launched as a business firm by others than Slavs. The infusion of alien bloods has quickened the pulse, the respiration, of the "Russian bear."

Men of the Communist Party in Russia are men of the Soviet government, and men of either the party and the government, or of both are in control of The Third Internationale, the international organization which strives for the World Wide Proletarian Revolution. The distinction between the party and the government is largely a business technicality. The two form an interlocking directorate. These men of control know that the time is not ripe yet for world wide, proletarian revolution. Very lately they realized it. The men who are "building socialism" in Russia turn more and more towards something suspiciously akin to Fascism; at least this is so in its autonomous aspect. They must do something towards making the ninety per cent of the hundred and sixty million inhabitants feel they are a part of the system, and are not being ruled by ten per cent of their number, and the ten per cent ruled by a dictator. Men of the ruling class in Russia are more widely separated from "the people" than in the United States or even in England. The Americans and English vote.

Except for President Kalinin the ruling men of Russia are young, vigorous, and holding somewhat harsh views towards the aged of the land who cannot be used to further their ends. The influence of the Jew has increased consistently from the beginning of the revolution to the point where today rumblings of anti-Semitism are audible amongst the rank and file.

Perhaps the men of Russia who have been permitted the greatest freedom in their spheres are the intellectuals—the authors, artists, actors, musicians, scientists. Pilnyak wrote a book of the Kremlin which got him in a scrape with the authorities which he got out of with difficulty, but he got out. Pilnyak owns his own automobile which is more than Stalin does. Stanislavsky is recognized as so great an artist of the theatre that he survived two regimes. He once called Stalin himself on the phone and successfully protested the interference of a zealous Bolshevik who thought Stanislavsky was occupying too much space in his living quarters for the good of the cause of Communism. The zealot was promptly removed.

Pavlov, eighty-four years old, forty of which have been spent in his laboratory developing his theory of reflex action, is another example of the freedom of the intellectual in Russia. His physiological theories have never been bent to fit in with Bolshevik ideology. A hold-over from the Tzarist regime, he has fearlessly protested that the Bolsheviks are trying to build a civilization which can only be controlled with the age old weapon of fear. Afiniogenev, the outstanding playwright of New Russia, wrote his play

(*Continued on Page* 63)

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Trouble in Stripes

From prison idleness comes most of our prison trouble; the worst riots usually occur where the most inmates are inactive. Doctor Farnell, Chairman of Rhode Island Public Welfare, warns of new dangers in our prisons through "legalized idleness."

By Frederic J. Farnell, M.D.

A DEFINITE crisis in the administration of our prisons has come at last. The Hawes-Cooper bill, passed by Congress in 1929, became effective January 19, 1934, and will swell the number of idle men who form a large percentage of those now in prison. According to the Bureau of the Census, there are approximately 137,183 men serving sentences in prison; even prior to the passage of this restrictive legislation, prison administrators have had the greatest difficulty in finding useful employment for their inmates.

The National Society of Penal Information and the Osborne Association, in their recently published survey of our prisons, report as follows: "Definite losses, rather than progress, must be noted in the field of prison labor. Opportunities for productive employment have not kept pace with increasing population, and a large idle group was characteristic of nearly all institutions visited. . . . The prevalent wave of unemployment and economic distress has given the opponents of prison labor an opportunity to raise the cry of 'unfair competition' with disastrous results."

While the Hawes-Cooper bill is not self-effecting, and merely empowers the various states to legislate against the sale of prison-made goods, already many states have done so. This law, of course, has the effect of diminishing the sales opportunities for those states which are attempting to continue on the contract system, and eventually will force them into the state use plan.

To understand the present situation of our prisons we must have some knowledge of the past history of our prison industrial system, redolent as it is with injustices, cruelties and stupidities. Originally, when a man was sent to prison, "hard labor" was appended to his sentence as an additional punishment; this took the form of severe physical labor in some routine duty, popularly described as the "rock pile." Some of our southern states leased the prisoners outright to contractors, who naturally made as much profit as they could from the transaction. A little later, when it was brilliantly discovered that work could be made into a valuable adjunct to reformation, the state account system and later the contract system became quite common; both have as their basis the sale in the open market of commodities made by prisoners. The contract system, in spite of its many faults, had and still has one outstanding virtue: it keeps the prisoners busy at productive work.

However, free manufacturers and free labor, supported by other organizations opposed to the contract system because of its abuses, waged a long and vigorous campaign to abolish every phase of prison industry except that which produced for state use—that is, to be consumed by a governmental institution or department. This campaign reached a successful conclusion when both Houses passed the Hawes-Cooper bill in 1929.

The state use plan is no novelty; it has been tried in a great many states with varying degrees of success. New York, Massachusetts and New Jersey seem to have had the best luck, but even in these states, it is questionable if all the inmates are employed at all times producing at a commercial rate of speed. We do know that in many other states, whether because of poor administration or for other reasons, the state use plan has resulted in increased idleness and disorder. Some of the worst riots that have occurred during the past five years have been in prisons where the state use plan was in operation.

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The following examples are interesting: Three convicts were killed in Clinton Prison, New York, July, 1929, when 1300 prisoners attempted to rush the guards and burned several buildings. Six days later 1700 inmates of the prison at Auburn, N. Y., mutinied, set fire to half a dozen buildings and were quelled only after the death of two prisoners and the wounding of eleven more. Convicts at the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, rebelled over the quality of food—one prisoner was killed and three wounded. A little later, prisoners at Canon City, Colo., rebelled; seven guards and five prisoners were killed. Again, at Auburn Prison seven prisoners and the principal keeper were killed. Still later, hundreds of prisoners were burned to death at Columbus, Ohio. All these institutions operate on the state use plan.

According to the 1929 *"Handbook of the National Penal Information Society,"* there were 1200 to 2000 idle men in the Columbus, O., Prison. At Canon City, with a population of 1129, sixty-one were employed in the automobile tag shop, seventy-three in the quarry, and 442 in maintenance details (maintenance is usually a polite way of saying idleness). Out of 1600 prisoners at Clinton Prison,

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728 were engaged in industrial work, the remainder of almost 900 were engaged in "maintenance work," or were sick or idle.

It is almost impossible to get the exact number of idle men in any prison; every warden feels it his duty to "window dress" and consequently we find a great number of men engaged in "maintenance" or "yard detail." If a man works one hour a day on some petty detail, or if ten men are assigned to do the work of one man, it is not considered idleness—idleness of the kind which the Hawes-Cooper bill now increases to a dangerous degree.

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This same unwillingness to face the unpleasant facts was illustrated very cogently during the hearing before the Committee on Labor in 1929, just prior to the passage of the Hawes-Cooper bill.

Mr. Dyer of Vermont had just told the Committee that passage of the act would inevitably mean disaster to the Vermon Prison.

In rebuttal, Congressman Cooper (Ohio), co-sponsor of the bill, made this rather high sounding boast: "Our law confines prison-made goods to state uses. We have a population of around 5000 prisoners in our Ohio Penitentiary. We have no outbreaks. We have none of these disasters down there that have been spoken of here this morning."

Of course, no one would expect the Congressman to foresee the future, but it was ironical that disaster, one of our worst prison disasters, struck at the Columbus penitentiary a short time later. But even at the time there was strong evidence produced to show that the Congressman was not informed of the facts.

Dr. D. L. Robinson, West Virginia Penitentiary, Moundsville, West Virginia, testified as follows: "No doubt you gentlemen have heard how beautifully this plan ("state use") works in other states. I want to speak of my own knowledge and I will speak of only one state, Ohio. Just out of curiosity I asked Warden Thomas how his men were employed. He said, 'The men are employed in the State Use system.' That interested me; I asked him how it worked out. He said, 'Well, we have enough work to give employment to about half our men.' Here is a *state use* state in which the warden tells me half his men are in idleness."

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During the same hearing, Mr. Oscar Lee, Warden of the Wisconsin State Penitentiary, testified as follows:

Mr. Lee: "You have had testimony before the committee to the effect that there are states in this country that have such legislation that has done away with marketing of goods in the open market, and among the states mentioned are New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. I will tell you what I have seen in the prisons of those three states. In New York State, at Sing Sing, I found there 1600 idle men. A wall was built around their new prison at the time I was there by free labor and with those 1600 idle men in the prison. The Pennsylvania Prison has been referred to as having solved the problem. I saw in the Western State Penitentiary a group of men lined up in twos marching round and round in a circle for exercise, and I was told this was their afternoon's work. There was a path four inches deep worn in the hard ground where they were marching. I saw in the Eastern State Penitentiary every man in the institution out in the afternoon playing football or shooting craps and was told that there were actually hold-ups in the prison yard. I saw in the State of Ohio 800 men marching into a great hall where they stay from morning until noon and from noon until night. They have not solved the problem; they do not keep the men employed."

Prison riots have been attributed to a variety of causes: over-crowding, long sentences, poor food and what not. But there is little doubt in my mind that the fundamental cause of every prison riot is the lack of continuous, productive employment. A great deal has been said about "vocational employment" in prison; how desirable it is to equip a man with a trade so that he may become self-supporting when released. Very little has been said about the value of work, just plain ordinary work, as a means of maintaining institutional discipline and order.

Most of the men who go to prison are undisciplined; what they need more than anything else in the world is work discipline; and they are not getting it. Even a good man deteriorates in the cramped confines of a prison, though he is employed. Imagine the effect of an undisciplined mind, confined year after year, with nothing to do except scheme and plot for escape. Riots are not unexplainable phenomena; what is unexplainable is the fact that we have so few.

The truth is, we have never yet been willing to appraise our prison problem with our eyes fixed on realities. We have become all mixed up in a lot of high sounding phrases about "reformation," "rehabilitation," and what not, so that we have forgotten about the fundamental necessities. Ideally, occupations in prisons should approximate as closely as possible those held by the prisoner prior to his imprisonment. In other words, they should be "individualized" somewhat in the same manner as in the European prison, where a bootmaker becomes the prison bootmaker. Practically, we know that our prisons cannot parallel the European system for the simple reason that our prisons are but the lengthened shadow of our own industrial life. We live in a mechanized country where high speed production is the heart of our industries; to fit men to return to the community again, they must engage in high speed production in prison.

Ideally, the head of a prison should select men for certain inmate positions because of the good it will do the prisoner. Practically, we know that he selects them for the advantage he will gain in running his institution with a minimum of trouble. One cannot blame the warden. The average warden has too much to think about averting bloodshed to try very hard at intensive reform. I feel a little sympathy even for the warden who wrote to his Commission, requesting the transfer of a certain prisoner back to the prison from an institution of minimum security where he had gone because of his good record. As a reason for the transfer he offered the very practical one that "the man was a good milker, and we need him in the dairy barn."

Of course, this man wasn't thinking of reform; he was

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thinking of running his institution. And why wouldn't he? The average warden carries a load that is almost beyond endurance; in addition to being a warden, we expect him to be skilled at a dozen professions. Some day there may be an honest statement of facts in the engagement of a warden. The advertisement should read something like this:

"Wanted: A warden. Must be a humanitarian, psychologist, expert farmer who can raise bountiful crops from 500 sterile acres; an adept mechanic to maintain a plant valued at $1,750,000. Must be a dandy business man and show a profit from the operation of four different industries employing 500 people, most of whom are quite dull and unskilled; must be a splendid educator and be able to instill knowledge into those who have so far been unable to absorb any learning after 20 or more years of life. Living conditions ideal; can raise his children in an atmosphere of peace and calm, broken occasionally by suicide and murder. Will pay a salary of from $3,000 to $6,000 per annum to the right man. He must understand that the job may last only two years and is subject to political upheaval, but then, you might not live that long. Address all communications to: *Evening Journal, X-3.*

"P.S. Forgot to state that occupant of this position must always be willing to escort visiting senators, representatives, ladies' auxiliaries, debutantes, sociological societies, etc., through the prison and must always be gracious to them. Must also be willing to address church groups, Rotary Clubs, Lions, Kiwanians and others on the subject of reformation accomplished through temporarily sojourning in the State Prison."

There would be a more concise statement of the warden's position than any I have ever heard of before.

Our prison policy today is a myth and worse; it is a series of contradictions, with the warden caught helplessly in a cross-fire between Fact and Theory.

"Take this man for two years and reform him," Theory says to the warden.

"Why, this fellow has been going bad for twenty years," Fact interposes.

"Well, teach him a trade in prison," Theory insists, "so that he can earn his living when he is released."

"But he hasn't sufficient brains," Fact protests.

"No matter—it is up to you to run your prison industries at a profit with the workmen society gives you," Theory continues.

"Even private industries, with their choice of skilled workmen, often operate at a loss," Fact points out.

Theory insists that the warden be humane, but at the same time be strict; and Fact replies that he's damned by the uplifters if he is strict, and he's damned by the realists if he is humane.

"Well, at any rate," concludes Theory, "set a pattern of temperance and goodness yourself."

"Alas," the warden might well say, "what you expect of me is enough to drive any man to drink and despair."

To the burdens he is already carrying, every warden will have added thereto, by the state use system, the terrific responsibilities of operating a half dozen or more widely divergent industries with unskilled workmen producing for a restricted market. He will be expected to employ all his men—and he will be expected to make a profit. The state use plan was fostered by the national labor organizations on the theory that prison-made goods were creating havoc with the price structure of certain commodities, such as wearing apparel, shoes, etc., and that by eliminating this "dumping," so-called, both free labor and prison labor would be benefited. They were willing to concede that prisoners should work. They spoke most altruistically of their motive; it was not to prevent the prisoner from working, but to prevent his exploitation. "Let him make goods for governmental departments, all we ask is that prison-made goods be kept off the open market." This they said before the passage of the act.

Prison officials were more or less beguiled by these apparently modest demands. They assumed, of course, that after the passage of this act, the labor unions and manufacturers would coöperate in passing suitable legislation assuring a certain market for prison goods in governmental departments. They also relied on the possibility of organizing a coöperative association between the various states for the purpose of exchanging goods.

What happened? The labor union officials have now narrowed their conception of state use, so that it includes as its market only those penal and charitable institutions which are operated by the State Government. They refuse to concede municipal or county institutions, or state departments as a legitimate market for prison-made goods; and they absolutely oppose the exchange of commodities between the various states.

They are unwilling to admit the fact that this narrow, restricted market affords such a meagre absorbing capacity that it will be impossible to keep prisoners busy. In fact, they are unwilling to admit anything except the grand sentiment that they are in favor of keeping the prisoners busy—but they don't say how.

One thing is definitely certain; if these special interests are successful in passing these drastically restricted laws, idleness in our prisons will be doubled and trebled. And with idleness prevalent, if we can judge the future by the past, we may expect a continuation of the bloody rioting and disorder which has characterized the operation of our American prisons during the past five years. It is a great price to pay for the satisfaction of a selfish minority, who, having obtained an inch, now want a yard.

Assuming the Hawes-Cooper bill to be constitutional, there is only one solution. For a state use system to be successful, it must be backed up by appropriate legislation reserving for prison industries the special privilege of supplying the needs of every division of government. Such a law must be mandatory. It will be opposed as it has been in the past, by free labor and free manufacturers, but it is an absolutely fundamental basis and the only one on which prison industry can operate successfully.

Then, too, there should be provision for the interchange of goods between the various states, to be consumed only by governmental agencies. This would in great measure take care of the surplus production, and at the same time, would be in harmony with the principles enunciated by those who were most active in the passage of the Hawes-Cooper bill.

This is the zero hour for our penal system. In our prisons are men locked up behind bars, sentenced to live under artificial conditions for long periods of time. What is this New Deal going to bring them—idleness, deterioration and misery? Or a chance to work out their destiny at some useful labor?

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In the Ditch!

Anonymous

What the workers in CWA ditches think and talk about as they lean on government shovels is told by "Anonymous," who is forty-one, married, father of seven children and a former mechanical engineer

I AM a pick and shovel man. You read a lot about my crowd. We are the cream of the CWA. What you read about us is written in a sort of optimistic and thankful mood. But that I fear, my hearties, is a lot of baloney. And the pictures you see of us in the papers, especially the pictures taken with the thermometer at ten and the wind at forty—the pictures where the newspaper photographer caught us showing our teeth and laughing—well, that's a lot more baloney.

The editor would like you to believe that we laughed from sheer joy because we had a pick and shovel job. That isn't the reason. We laughed because the photographer knew his psychology and pulled off a lot of foolishness, especially that old wheeze of his trade about looking for the little birdie. That crack was so terribly out of place, it had the same effect as a Bronx Cheer would have right after Stowkowski and his fiddlers had finished sawing through an hour long Beethoven nightmare. Let somebody experiment on that idea. I'll bet it will bring a lot of horse laughs. And they'll be in the wrong place, the way our laughs were in the wrong place.

But here I am attending a symphony concert when I should be busy in the ditch with a pick and shovel. We pick and shovel men are all that way. For some reason or other our minds are not on our jobs.

There is Hunky Joe for instance. He knows all about ditch digging. He worked for the Gas Company for ten years. There is art to holding a shovel. Hunky Joe must be thanked for showing us how to do it. In case you'll ever need it, the trick is this: you must hold the shovel tight and not let it slip through your hands. If you do, you will raise an acre of blisters, and a hand lotion will not cure them over night. Years ago some of us pick and shovel men bought hand lotion by the gallon. Now we can't buy hand lotion or head lotion or any kind of lotion. Hunky Joe's hands are so tough he doesn't raise any blisters. There is some merit in digging ditches for the Gas Company for ten long years. It toughens up one for the depression.

Hunky Joe's mind is not on his work. His movements are all mechanical. Ours isn't. We groan every time we hoist a frozen clod. Joe has a family of seven kids and the oldest is thirteen. His wife is a good woman and she doesn't believe in birth control. Hunky Joe doesn't believe in anything. Welfare, he says, played him a dirty trick. He points to Elmer Ocky, one of our fellow ditch diggers as an example. Ocky is married three years and would not be expected to have a family of seven. Ocky hasn't any. They pay Ocky fifteen dollars a week for digging as they do Hunky Joe. That's a full week of thirty hours. If the weather is bad you must have a polar bear complex to stick it out. When Hunky Joe was on welfare they paid him $8.00 a week for food, gave him 32 milk tickets a week, a ton of coal per month and paid $10.00 for his rent. Besides, his family was given shoes, blankets and other things, with medical attention and medicine thrown in. In comparison they gave Ocky three dollars a week for grub, four milk tickets for his dog and the same amount of coal and rent money as Hunky Joe received. While we huddled around a fire made from old branches to keep from going entirely stiff, Hunky Joe outlined some mental mathematics. His total welfare per month was valued at $75.00. Now he receives only $60.00 a month, when he puts in a full month, which is impossible, out of which he must buy all the things Welfare gave him gratis. Besides, he must spend four dollars a month for carfare to get him to his new job. Hunky Joe is American-born. He hadn't much chance on the farm when he was a kid, that's why he talks like a Hunky. But Hunky Joe can't do anything about this discrimination in wages. Welfare told him to either dig ditches or starve. Hunky Joe says he is going to write the President.

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Then there is Walter, the Machinist. Walter never dug a ditch before. The closest he came to it was digging a garden and he considered that a hard job. Walter isn't happy. He never worked outside before, especially in the winter. He hasn't the kind of clothes that will keep a person warm. When he had an inside job running a lathe, he never thought of changing to heavy underwear in the winter. He always wore thin athletic suits that you see pictured on the Adonis in the B. V. D. advertisements. He still wears an athletic suit, but he says the first money he gets he will buy some woolen underwear and be tickled to death. Walter has his old folks and a crippled brother to look after, and has postponed indefinitely any thoughts of marriage. Walter gets pretty mad sometimes. Then he

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takes off his thin canvas gloves and makes fists, especially when he talks about his next door neighbor. It seems this neighbor had a soft job with the city under Civil Service until the people who paid taxes kicked like steers and wouldn't support him any more. But his neighbor is back on the job under CWA bossing a lot of steamfitters and draws $1.25 an hour for inside work. Walter says his neighbor doesn't know a thing about steamfitting and can't even fix the washers on his faucets when they leak.

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A fellow ditch digger next to Walter, who looks like a Russian to me, says that civil service in the cities can't stay out of politics. He says try it if you work in the Mayor's Office or the Treasurer's or even the Sewer Commissioner's. He says all the henchmen that have been laid off from civil service remain on the political backlog and the line forms to the right. He says he has lots of trades and is an engineer but the welfare worker told him he had no chance for a white collar job because those jobs were being filled in by Civil Service. Whenever he grabs his shovel and goes back into the ditch, he laughs right out loud, but there is something funny about that laugh because his face doesn't laugh with him.

Now take Chain Store Fred as we call him, because he is always raving about the chain stores. His last job was in one. Fred is in really bad physical condition. He's bones and hair without the flesh. He doesn't belong in a ditch. It would be a big job for him to lift a peck of potatoes in a chain store. Maybe that's why they fired him. Fred has four sickly kids and he tells us he must work at something so he can get enough money to send his wife to the hospital. She refuses to go on charity because she heard that charity cases are experimental cases and she does not want to sacrifice her life to science. So Fred will start saving his first dollar from his pay check on Saturday. I wouldn't bet much on Fred winning the race.

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We had some rain when we started this job and we had to discard our shovels for pails to bail out the ditch. I noticed Fred didn't have any rubbers. CWA doesn't give you any rubbers. We are supposed to be off of charity. The foreman said the yard had ordered some boots but we can't stand around and wait for boots he said. Fred is coughing today and I advised him to get a stiff shot of hot rum. But Fred is a prohibitionist and is taking aspirin tablets instead. This is no job for Chain Store Fred. During the War they gave us all a good physical examination and if we were not fit for the job we were excused. Fred would have stayed at home and earned twenty dollars a day making ammunition and bought silk shirts. I guess the world has grown mighty hard during this depression. There are supposed to be four million of us in this depression army. Many of us are going to die of accidents and pneumonia and other diseases brought on by a lowered vitality. I think the percentage will be as great as it was during the World War. Many of these men in our ditch are not healthy and robust and many of them are past fifty. All have been chosen from the Starvation Army. Well, a man's got to live and Chain Store Fred is going to work in that ditch or he and his family will go hungry.

But back into the ditch. They tell me and I tell them back that ditch digging is not my profession. I'm a self-made man—the type that's made of some scrap from the public schools at $10.00 a ton; a few bales of newspapers and highbrow magazines at $5.00 a ton; maybe a slight sprinkling of the Golden Rule—with no market value, and a preponderance of Babbitt's Dilemma—rated in baloney dollars. That's the make-up. Despite this incongruous assimilation, I was really getting something out of life. Like Hunky Joe, I am a big family man. We were well past the stage of having two chickens in our pot. It had to be three or four, or somebody would go hungry. Somehow the four chickens got into that pot. We were still a one car family. The oldest was too young to drive, or perhaps we might have had two cars. We solved the problem by making two trips, although they suggested that I buy a bus. Come Whitsunday, as they say, or let's make it Christmas in this case, and the kids always had plenty of expensive toys to neglect for the thing-a-ma-jigs from the Ten Cent store. Come Easter we would color about six dozen eggs the night before and when the little kids had gone to bed, hide chocolate rabbits, papier-mâché roosters and other trinkets behind chairs for them to find the next morning. That was fun. But the best fun was on the Fourth of July. All good Americans are supposed to. . . .

Now how the devil did I get out of that ditch? Let's forget about the Fourth of July. Ditch digging wouldn't be such a bad job if the temperature were exactly seventy, the day balmy and the ditch below a shady elm tree. These editors who write about us, seated in easy armchairs, with the temperature exactly seventy and the humidity controlled by washed air (I sat that way once), I can't understand why they insist in making strong, patriotic he-men out of us. Of course, we have spokesmen for us in high places, but that isn't the way we speak. They tell other people, for us, how crazy we are about these pick and shovel jobs. They are accommodating cusses. One editor remarked on the front page in big type that business was picking up because the circulation of his paper was picking up. His paper sells for two cents.

But take this job of ditch digging. Handling a pick and shovel must be learned—the same as writing he-man editorials for two cent newspapers. The biggest thing to learn about ditch digging is to bring your mind down to the ditch. You must forget that sometime somewhere you amounted to something and was a somebody. You must forget about chickens in pots and polished cars in garages. If you think about those things then the blisters on your hands will become more painful. We learn from the old-timers, who put over the Liberty Loans at four per cent and chased us off to the war to make the world safe for themselves, we learn that it is a patriotic duty to grab a pick and shovel, hug it to our noble chests and prance around in zero weather like a group of happy children. Where do all these noble gentlemen get the idea that ditch digging is a noble occupation? Come into the ditch with us, my merrie masters, and we will cure that tendency. There is no glory in it. They do not even give us a blue denim uniform to lend distinction to our occupation. I

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hope they do not try it. Uniforms have been anathema since the last ditch turnout.

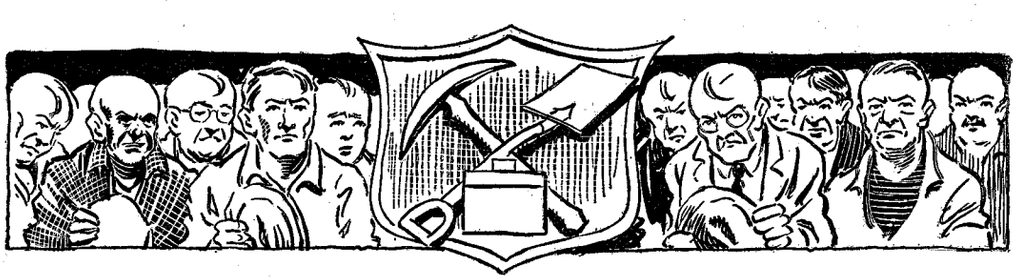
Yes, I am in the ditch. But I am not ashamed of it. Still, I am not glad. I see that ninety per cent of my ditch compatriots who are holding this new emblem of American Liberty in their blistered hands are men well grounded in average education. They are men with trades; men who have lost their businesses; salesmen, engineers and ex-executives. If my son would ask me what he should grow up to be, I would point to the ditch and say: "Look into that ditch and be what isn't in it." Strangely enough we find no politicians, soldiers or clergymen in that ditch! But we in the ditches are not peasants, standing with bowed heads and reciting an Angelus of Thanks. We have not grown up dumbly from the soil. We have been forced into it and we refuse to pray. Some of us have been in high places. Let the jolly backslappers who are still in high places remember that.

We in our ditch have men like Charlie, the Carpenter, who was in the business of building houses. Then there is Frank, the Electrician, who has a license from the city to work at his trade. So has Bill, the Plumber. We have shoemakers with us with bent backs, who will never repair another shoe. We have black men with us, whose hands and faces are purple from the cold. Few of these black men have sufficient clothes to stand the rigors of the climate. But they do not protest. They have no spokesman. They spit on their purple hands, show their pearly teeth and smile. We, who are white, admire them for that something which we do not possess. And these black men, the same as the engineers, the shoemakers and the ex-executives, know by heart the new rule of welfare—"Work, damn you, or starve!"

The ditch diggers will not read this article. They haven't the price to buy this magazine. The smug who read this article in their steamheated rooms will say that this is the way of the world. It is, and that is the pity of it all. They will say that the dole is something to be abhorred. It is, and so sometimes is life. But this is still a dole; it is still charity that we are receiving but with a different set-up. Most of the work we do might as well remain undone. We dig ditches and fill them up again. We cut down a hill and build another somewhere else. A number of these improvements, if maintained, will increase taxes and give the politicans a bigger bed of roses to lay in. We ditch diggers are the meanest of the lot. We receive the measliest sum and cannot labor steadily. Hunky Joe with seven children finds himself in a dilemma. A steamfitter with no children is rated at $1.25 per hour with steady hours and inside work. Although our work is charity with a vengeance, why should our government discriminate between Hunky Joe's empty stomach and the steamfitter's? If in this sweet charity we are all brothers under the skin, why are we not brothers when it comes to muscular action and stomach capacity?

Yes, we are in the ditch! But let the ditch have its voice in this meeting of brains. We have been beaten into the soil, but we are thinking new thoughts. We find no justice in the ditch. We find no honor in the pick and shovel. There is still caste in this, our country. There is the caste of the banker and the industrialist; the caste of the blueblood whose ancestor was loaded on a ship headed west and told to get out and be damned; the clique caste of the policeman, politician and the judge; the caste of the clergyman and soldier; the caste of the steamfitter; even the caste of those who drive automobiles two blocks ahead of the constable and spit nonchalantly in our ditch as they drive by. Of all these, we have become the least.

We thank no one for our blistered hands, our aching backs and our frozen feet. Those in high places need not fear us, for we will not fight. We have been given a lowly pick and shovel, it is true, but with it has come bread, and our meanest demand of nature has been satisfied. But we are tired men. Not tired from toil but from the weariness that comes with aging years and dreams that are still dreams. There is torture in us but it does not cry out to the four winds. Not even an echo would answer us. We have reached high and are now fallen with the clods and the mud and the worms. Our memories alone save us because they are not in the ditch. And let no hyena say that we are happy men!



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Islands, or Else—

By Wayne Francis Palmer

The meaning and the value of the tiny coral and volcanic dots that are the islands of the Pacific will become increasingly significant as tenseness develops in the East. Mr. Palmer, a leading naval critic, discusses the proposal that the U. S. go island shopping.

THE United States is face to face with a grave decision. Are we or are we not to abandon the Philippine Islands and our Far East trade to Japan? This country has not raised the question and unfortunately it cannot answer it because the answer today rests with the Japanese.

This situation has just been clarified in a statement of brutal frankness by one of the most able officers in the Japanese Navy, Admiral Suetsugu, commander-in-chief of the combined Imperial Fleets. His pronouncement becomes the more important because of the position he holds. He has been quoted as saying:

"World envy parallels the steady rise of the Japanese in world affairs. . . .

"The entire issues involved transcend diplomacy. Anglo-Japanese competition in cotton is responsible for today's deplorable diplomacy. Likewise America's eagerness for China trade, as well as our own ideas for the development of Manchuria, places agreements between America and Japan in the darkest light.

"Heretofore, the United States sold heavy industrial products here while we traded cotton and materials. As long as the different lines of trade did not clash, that situation prevailed, but Japan's cotton and yarn business is not our only merchandise now.

"We build warships. It is not difficult to produce airplanes and automobiles. And a trade war between Japan and America, is inevitable.

"The economic clash in the China market is similar to the situation there between Great Britain and Germany prior to the World War, which created a ten year economic clash before the war itself. . . .

"America better prepare herself by concentrating her vessels in the San Francisco zone. . . .

"The time has passed when the powers can force us with threats. Any country scheming with such a psychology will find itself greatly mistaken. . . .

"We do not believe that diplomacy will settle the issues and we are determined to prepare for the worst possibilities of an economic and political clash."

This is a frank warning to the United States to keep out of the Far East, "or else." Even a representative of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Hirota, has outlined Japanese aims: "If the United States desires an amicable solution of the pending problems . . . the United States should keep her hands off Far Eastern affairs and place implicit confidence in Japan's efforts to maintain peace and order in Asia. The world should be divided into three parts under the influence of American, European, and Asiatic Monroe Doctrines."

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There are many of our so-called leaders who already are advising caution in the discussion of a possible war between the United States and Japan. It is even suggested that the matter should not be mentioned. Obviously, this attitude of turning one's back on an unpleasant situation cannot be agreed with, neither can agreement be found with that type of mind which believes the chosen few should discuss these matters behind closed doors.

It is not jingoistic to discuss our possible war efforts with a nation that so obviously is preparing for war with us. We must face the facts and the rank and file of the American people should know them because it seems that in the end they are the ones who fight the wars as well as dig up the income taxes later to pay for them.

Granted that a war between these two nations is without any basis of common sense, and that future historians will be unable to definitely assign the reasons for such a clash, nevertheless, it must be counted as a possibility, if not a certainty, and our people should sense the problem that they face and in so far as it is possible seek a solution.

American pride will demand that we take the position that no nation may dictate to us in our policy of foreign trade. Unfortunately we must face the fact that Japan is in a position today not only to bar us from the trade of the Far East, but she is also able to cut off our communications with the Philippines.

The Japanese mandate islands may serve Japan at such a moment as she may decree, as an insurmountable obstacle in the path of our merchant shipping as well as our men-of-war. A vast area of two million miles on our path to the Far East is completely dominated by these islands for a depth of one thousand miles and running two thousand five hundred miles along the equator.

These islands became the property of Japan by reason of an interesting series of incidents. In 1917 Great Britain,

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seeing that the United States was to enter the war, rushed through an agreement with Japan that the German Pacific islands north of the equator would go to Japan, while she would take those to the south. At the Peace Conference in January of 1919 the American delegation was amazed to learn about this for the first time. American comment was caustic but Balfour claimed that when he was in the United States in 1917, he had advised this government to that effect. Such apparently was not the case.

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Finally on signing the Treaty of Versailles all German colonial territories were turned over by her to "the principal allied and associated powers" and assigned to mandatory nations for administration only. It makes little difference, however, that Japan undertook "a sacred trust of civilization" when she assumed the responsibility of administering this territory because these islands are now as much Japanese property as Tokio itself. What little speculation still remained on this point has been dispelled by Admiral Suetsugu when he said, "We will not return the mandated islands, only at the cost of war, and if the powers attempt to snatch them from Japan, a clash is inevitable."

The primary point at issue is: will Japan risk a war of force? Today she is waging a highly successful economic war which appears impossible to defeat excepting by one means, and that is for Japan herself to take up the sword. To a western nation the answer would be clear under such conditions. We would be entirely content to receive the economic benefits that were accruing to us and we would sit back and see our industries, banks, and commerce thrive.

We make a mistake to judge the Japanese through our western eyes. Their great successes in the marts of commerce are not received at home with enthusiasm. Japan is only relatively a few years removed from the old feudal system. There are many men still alive who can remember back before 1871, when the clans of the Satzuma, Cochu, Kizen, and Tosa held sway. Their rulers were the lords of all the lands and the people over whom they held power. Fidelity could be generously and promptly rewarded.

Today new leaders, the Industrialists, have forced themselves to the front and they are not greeted with either respect or enthusiasm in the hearts of the people. They resent that these interlopers are rapidly assuming the power of the land. Today's hard and fast industrial system, devoid of all flexibility, and built on a foundation of harshness does not grip either the loyalty or enthusiasm of their people. They would not look with regret on the return to the days of their fathers.

Obviously, the attitude of the rank and file is greatly magnified in the minds of the survivors of those feudal lords who now find themselves in positions of high command in the army and navy and who face eclipse by the industrialists.

A competent observer who understands the Japanese, having been born in Tokio and lived there from time to time, has just returned from Manchoukuo and Japan. In discussing the new puppet state he noted that much chagrin is apparent in army and navy circles because to date the industrialists are the real beneficiaries of the efforts of the military group in Manchoukuo. It was frankly stated by an officer in high command that they would rather abandon this entire venture than see it further aggrandize their industrialists. In order to prevent this, the army has presented a plan to assume control of all railroads in Manchoukuo, feeling, that after all, this will make them the real dictators in that land of their conquest and only from them can the favors be secured. Japan will not hesitate to risk her industrial gains, because she can see greater gains to come from war.

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The great difference of political conceptions between the United States and Japan provides one of the real causes for war. It is felt that the American influence so dominates China that it excludes the chance of her adoption of the Japanese concepts. This feeling is exemplified by the bitter wave which swept over Japan when the United States recently set up a credit of fifty million dollars to permit China to purchase wheat and cotton from us. It is these great differences in background and viewpoint that "transcend diplomacy."

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Too much faith in this country is placed on the fact that we are Japan's best customer and that she will not risk losing this great outlet for her raw silk. In only rare instances does a nation permanently lose her markets because of war. Germany is proving that today. Did our bankers hesitate to rush into Germany after the war to force loans on her people? Trade goes where it can regardless of past animosities.

Japan knows this as she must also know that this country anyway is becoming less and less a customer for her silks and that the time probably is not far distant when our artificial silks will entirely replace her silk worm industry.

All that she needs to do regarding imports and exports, in preparing for a war, is to estimate the length of time necessary to attain her military objectives, then import a sufficient excess of commodities which she will require during that period. Apparently, in anticipation of war, Japan has for the past year doubled her munition imports from France. She has had also to size up her financial requirements to offset the loss of war time exports, and again we see the French with a financial mission resident in Tokio. After war she knows, as we know, that her normal markets would again be opened to her.

The Japanese as a nation and as individuals feel that Japan today is facing her destiny. The gods have decreed success to her ventures and as the outstanding symbol of this favor, as they approached the "Great 1935," the one thing most desired by the nation has happened: the birth of a male heir to the throne. They feel now that nothing can stop Japan on her march forward.

The coup in Manchoukuo has only excited her imagination. She sees a large portion of Siberia with its vast resources in her possession. She casts her eyes westward towards Mongolia and Outer Mongolia, where she finds a people by race and sympathy not opposed to her conquest. No wonder Russia is anxious because this trek would see

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the army of Japan one-half the distance from Tokio to Moscow.

China and the rest of the world look on in concern because it is felt that as the boy Emperor, Pu-yi, ascends the throne of Manchoukuo, an effort will be made to reunite all of China under his rule, which would, of course, be the rule of Japan.

For years Japan has looked with longing at the shores of the China Sea. To her it is the "sea of the future." Today it offers the only practical means of attack from the sea on this vast emprie that she is building in imagination and in fact. The China Sea is guarded in the interests of the western nations by the vulnerable British base at Hong Kong; by the small French base at Saigon, the fall of which will carry with it all of French Indo-China; and lastly by the feeble defenses of the Philippines which are merely an invitation to attack.

Our island empire will fall a few days after the outbreak of war and therein lies the great danger to this country. Regardless of how little we value these islands today, the minute that they pass by force into the hands of any foreign power, to every American they will become the priceless jewel that will be the prize for which we must risk our very existence, if necessary, to regain.

We must take it as a fact that Japan looks upon war with the United States as inevitable. It is apparent that Japan feels that she must also fight Russia. The questions in her mind have been: which one first? and when? In perplexity, since our recognition of Soviet Russia, she now has a third question: will it be both at once?

As for the United States, there are three roads which we can take: we can accept the dictation of Japan and withdraw from the Far East; we can proceed as we are at the present time and face a later inevitable disaster from which we will ultimately emerge victorious; or we can provide against aggressive action by guaranteeing our communications with the Philippines and the Far East.

The principal difficulty that our naval forces have to face in the Pacific is their inability to pass through the Japanese mandate island area. An understanding of this problem is simple, but the answer is difficult. Running south from Tokio is a series of islands forming on the globe a gigantic inverted T. The western tip is only 500 miles from the Philippines, while its eastern tip reaches within 2,000 miles of Honolulu, less than the distance just flown non-stop by our naval squadron in a "routine flight" to that point from San Francisco.

Japan is said to have developed a series of strong bases throughout these islands at five hundred mile intervals. She does not deny building aviation fields and developing harbors. Of course, these are described as commercial aids but inasmuch as there is not sufficient commerce in these islands to warrant these improvements they must be regarded as potential bases for war.

The bases mentioned are: one in the Parry group about five hundred miles below the mainland of Japan, Maug, and a third at Saipan which is only 150 miles from our outpost position of Guam. The Pelew Island base is at the western end of the "T," and is understood to be under substantial military development because it would be the jumping off place for the Philippines. Moving to the east, bases are mentioned at Truk, Ponape, Eniwetok, Jaluit, and Wotje.

Treaties between Japan and the United States forbid the fortification of any of these islands, but the shadow of doubt is cast over this mandatory by the fact that Japan will not permit an inspection of what is actually being done in this region. On February 11, 1923, as a consideration for our acknowledging the right of Japan to exercise this mandate, K. Shidehara, Japanese Ambassador, wrote, "I have the honor to assure you, under authorization of my government, that the usual comity will be extended to nationals and vessels of the United States in visiting harbors and waters of those islands."

Only one case is necessary to show that this provision of the treaty has not been kept. It was desired to send a party of scientists on an American man-of-war this winter to the islands of Losap and Oroluk, of the Caroline group, to study an eclipse of the sun that will be visible only in that region. This request was denied. This, and many similar incidents, show clearly that Japan does not wish the outside world to know what is being done within that region.

These islands stretching as they do for 2,500 miles between Hawaii and the Philippines, are obviously of little commercial value. The total area is just a little more than 800 square miles while their number is estimated at about 1,400, many of which are merely exposed rocks. Strategically, however, they are of immense value.

The formation of all islands in this region fall into two classifications: coral and basaltic or volcanic. The former are low lying atolls with harbors for submarines, destroyers, and even light cruisers that could hardly be equalled by the engineering skill of man. Sandy strips along their shores offer excellent flying fields for land planes while the still waters of their lagoons offer excellent advantages to flying boats. A few palm trees can serve as concealment for such little base organization as might be required. The islands themselves lie so close to the sea that they are not readily visible from a distance. With the expenditure of small sums these many natural bases offer splendid facilities for the swarms of airplanes and the schools of submarines that will make this area impenetrable.

Supplementing these atolls are the volcanic islands, such as Ponape, the administrative center of the Japanese mandate. This Gibraltar of the South Seas, measuring only twelve miles wide by thirteen long, is the foundation for peaks that rise to a height of 2,580 feet above the sea. One side of the island is a sheer rock rising out of the sea to 1,000 feet, but as if these natural gun emplacements were not enough, the island is surrounded, a short distance off shore, by a dozen extinct volcanic promontories so lofty as to sometimes lose their peaks in the clouds. Nature has served well in contributing this ring of outlying fortresses. If the sixteen inch guns that are so persistently reported as being in position are actually there, there is no fleet in the world that could dislodge the island garrison.

Finally, there is that type of island which combines the ideal harbor of the atoll and the natural fortress of the volcanic island. Truk is of this type and must be regarded as one of Nature's great creations. Here the circular protective reef formed by coral growth has left a great lagoon 140 miles in circumference. Within this basin that could serve as the anchorage for a great fleet, are ten lofty basaltic islands reaching as high as 1,400 feet.

Lying as the principal bases do at five hundred mile intervals across the shipping lanes from the United States to the Far East, it is very easy to see why they control

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that area. With abundant airplanes, submarines, and wireless stations no fleet would dare to penetrate it.

If the time comes when the United States is forced by public opinion to move to the recapture of the Philippines one of two routes must be chosen: to the northward by the way of the Aleutian Islands; or to the south of the Japanese mandatory.

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The Aleutian Island route, of course, suggests itself first because this archipelago of 150 islands, stretching from Alaska to the Kamchatka coast of Asia, is our possession, having come to us many years ago as a part of the Alaskan purchase. Strange to say, we know little about it; apparently less than the Japanese.

Last spring it was decided to send a surveying party to study the possibilities of establishing a base in these islands at such time as treaties might permit. Every attempt was made to keep the departure of the U. S. S. *Argonne* on this mission a secret, but just before the sailing the entire story appeared in a west coast newspaper. In great embarrassment the Navy Department finally emerged from behind the doors of a hurried conference and produced a backdated letter showing that this was merely a routine trip made at the request of the Department of Commerce.

However, when the *Argonne* returned after a trip in that forbidding region to the north, it was found that the Japanese knew much more about the Aleutian Islands than we did, and that for some time they have been sending merchant ships on regular runs out of Seattle to Japan by a route through the Bering Sea north of these islands. Here swift ocean currents pick them up and speed them on their way home. This region that we own, for which we have no charts, and concerning which we wished to maintain secrecy, now turns out to be an old story to the Japanese!

On a number of calls by our revenue cutters or fishery patrols, Japanese vessels have been seen putting hurriedly out to sea and evidence discovered on the islands indicating a prolonged sojourn. Yet this is known to be a military area. The general opinion, however, is that the Aleutians offer no possibility for a sustained effort in time of war. They are bleak and wind-blown and offer a haven neither to the surface ships nor to the craft of the air.

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Only one way remains for the march of our fleet to the Far East and that is south of the equator through the maze of South Sea islands that hold so much of romance for all of us. It may occur to the reader that the fleet could sail to the south of Australia, avoid many obstacles, and take the enemy from the rear by surprise. First of all, this route would require 11,000 miles of steaming from our west coast to the Philippines. Even our light cruisers would be taxed for fuel for such a trip. For our battleships and destroyers it would be impossible. Even though arrangements were made to replenish fuel along the way, it must be noted that such a route would allow the enemy to concentrate their forces off our west coast or Honolulu. Our fleet must always keep itself in a position to advance, yet able to intercept any sudden movement of the enemy. If our fleet, moving at eighteen knots, were to the south of Australia, our coast would be left defenseless and open to a sudden, lightning-like attack by a squadron of enemy cruisers whose fuel capacity would permit them to make the round trip across the Pacific at thirty-five knots speed. They could do their damage to the California coast and rejoin their battle fleet in time to greet our forces.

Our course to the Far East is prescribed. The great problem that we have to face is the lack of fleet and aviation bases in the areas through which we must pass. To protect such an advance would require a system of fleet anchorages in protected harbors, sheltered by great siege guns and surrounded by vast minefields. Oil, stored in great volume, would be necessary. Aviation fields and dry docks would be needed to repair the injured men-of-war.

With the exception of the large guns all of these facilities could be provided today under the Washington Treaty, which prohibits the development of naval bases or the erection of fortifications. The proposed developments can be classed as "commercial" requirements. We have had a lesson in this.

Permanent dry docks would not be built. To do so would be folly. Rather our ship yards should be put to work building self-propelled floating docks capable of lifting our largest battleships. These could be used at such locations as future operations might demand. As the fleet advanced and the line of communication in its rear became secure, these huge ships of salvage could move from base to base and when we met the enemy fleet we would not sacrifice fine ships, only slightly injured, because our docking facilities were a quarter of the way around the globe. It is this glaring lack in the Far East, that in the event of war will probably cost us more ships than we will actually lose during the period of battle.

Flanking these fleet bases will be required a double line of lesser bases at intervals of about five hundred miles. These will serve as posts of observation for the submarines and airplanes, for on these two weapons will devolve the duty of continuous patrol and the guarding of this great sea highway.

While the submarines and airplanes are vital to the safety of the fleet, it must be realized that the center of power of the United States at sea will move forward with the battle fleet. Only will we have attained victory when this fleet is able either to seek out and destroy the enemy battle fleet, or is able to exert such pressure on the enemy homeland that enemy resources and resistance will fail them.

There is the problem—and half of the solution. The other half concerns the acquisition of the islands for these bases without which there is no solution, for in all that area south of the equator we have only one protected anchorage. That is at Tutuila, in the Samoan group.

All the other islands required are the possessions or the mandates of France, Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand. Each of these nations is in great debt to the United States because of war loans. They say that they cannot pay their accounts without risking their stability. Certainly their position would not be weakened were they to part with these islands. In fact, Australia and New Zealand would have the comforting thought that there was a belt of United States territory between them and the Japanese "big, bad wolf."

Here is an opportunity for these defaulting nations to sell some real estate and by this commercial transaction reduce the debts that they have attempted to cancel or avoid by propaganda. Such an act on their part would greatly change the attitude of the individual Americans who today, in their own poverty and suffering, are taking a

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stubborn, bitter attitude towards the defaulters that cannot tend to the mutual comity that should exist between the contracting parties of the war loans.

There can be no claim by France or Great Britain that they cannot part with these islands for sentimental reasons. Much of the subject territory came to them as a result of the war and in fact they do not even hold title to it today. The islands that they have held for many years can hardly claim the ties of blood because what blood relationship has developed would hardly be the subject of boasting in either London or Paris.

Such a trans-Pacific sea highway should include all islands within a belt 1,000 miles in width until it nears its terminus at the Philippines, where it could narrow to a point. In the western area several islands would be required from The Netherlands and, of course, these could only be secured by direct purchase.

Once these islands were in our possession we should move as rapidly as possible to prepare aviation fields, harbors, bomb-proof oil storage, and radio stations. Back in the United States we should prepare the large and small guns necessary for the defense of these bases. An ample fleet of self-propelled floating dry docks should be constructed; the Navy should be built up to full treaty strength and the man power provided to officer and man this Navy. Naval aviation should be increased to the point where we have several thousand planes ready to take the air with trained pilots at the controls in order that the fleet may have its full complement of planes and leave an abundance to patrol this sea highway and to clear out the air in advance of the fleet.

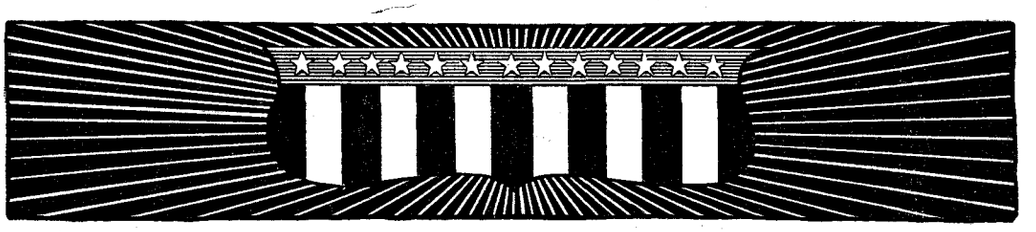
Too much attention has been paid over the recent years by our statesmen and naval authorities to the matter of ship construction to the total exclusion of the other great factors which loom so large in sea power: personnel and fleet bases. The matter of man power is clear but the question of fleet bases unfortunately is not so obvious to those who have been responsible for determining our naval policies.

For instance, it is folly for us to maintain that we have parity with Great Britain just because we have the same tonnage of ships in similar categories. A world wide map shows a girdle of fleet bases standing ready to supplement the efforts of Britain's fleets in any area that her Admiralty may elect to operate. By the aid of these bases her fleets have flexibility of action in all the waters of the globe. They have protected anchorages to which they can retire for repairs and for the rest and recreation of the crews, while when our fleet puts to sea it is, with the exception of Hawaii, without a haven in all the vast expanse of the Pacific. Our ships must carry not only the fuel necessary to permit them to reach their objectives but they must also limit these objectives so that they will have sufficient fuel to assure their return to the coast of the United States.

Once our ships have passed beyond the protection of the submarine nets their crews cannot for one minute be off the alert. When our politicians at the 1922 disarmament conference temporarily abandoned the development of Pacific bases they left for the navy its most difficult problem.

Japan sees the year 1935 as the start of her march to her destiny. Let us sense the danger of the situation and in an orderly peace-time program prepare against the eventualities that the commander-in-chief of the Japanese combined fleet has warned us to expect.

If this is done we will continue to live in peace and comity with our neighbor across the Pacific. If we strengthen our armor where we are vulnerable, Japan will put away the sword. She sees herself today as playing a sure thing.



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Outlines of Fascism

By Cedric Fowler

Will Fascism come in the wake of the New Deal? The writer surveys its rapid post-war spread through Europe, reviews its origins in the writings of Pareto and Sorel and indicates steps that lead to its establishment.

RECOVERY programs under capitalism have one thing in common the world over: they breed division. The difficulties of reconciling the two elements of a national plan—private profit and social need—inevitably promote struggle. The Roosevelt example is no exception. Under the New Deal administration, we are seeing (perhaps for the first time in our history) liberalism and conservatism fighting out their battle all along the line. Critics from all ends and corners of the country have been observing the struggle for months past. None of them yet knows which side will win. When the Roosevelt program veers momentarily leftward, conservatives are convinced the direction is socialist. On a conservative turn, liberals are convinced it is reactionary. Whither are we trending?—the perennial question—has become more popular than ever before. In a democracy, everyone can ask the question as loudly and as often as he likes, and the year's crop of political alarm has been by far the heaviest in a generation.

There is no doubt the crop has been well stimulated. Plan and counter-plan, shifts in policy and personnel, have produced the rich and humid atmosphere so conducive to speculation. Wars and rumors of wars from the Washington brain centers add to the confusion. Mumblings from the older school democrats hint at disaffection in the ranks. And out of the whole welter and riot of Washington doings, one clear question emerges: which direction is the national program taking? Is it Left, toward socialism—or is it Right, toward reaction?

Liberals, progressives, radicals and readers of the newspapers have a word for the rightward swing. They call it Fascism. Within the past year this word has become one of the most popular, and one of the most overworked, in the political vocabulary. Since the rise of the Nazis it has been used to describe almost any political doctrine one dislikes, including such diversities as Mr. Hoover's late administration, Governor Rolph's sadistic witticisms,

heresies within the radical brotherhood and the occasionally conservative moods of Mr. Roosevelt. Even the editorial writers of our great dailies have caught on, and during the late fuss about freedom of the press the words, "dictatorship," "co-ordination" and similar Fascist terms were thrown into print with almost reckless abandon.

But, in spite of some hysteria, there are good reasons for the excitement. Since Italy first promulgated the doctrine and word twelve years ago, a good part of the world has followed her example. Germany was the first great power, and so far has furnished the closest imitation of the Italian method. Among the smaller powers Turkey, with its Ghazi; Yugo-Slavia under Alexander; the Baltic states, hysterical with fear of Communism; Austria, where Dollfuss suppresses German Nazis only to encourage the native brand—lead the Fascist parade. Other countries have Fascist movements in embryo, some of them so advanced that time alone seems to condition their birth. Spain has a strong Fascist group under the son of Primo de Rivera, late monarchist dictator. Ireland's Blue Shirts under O'Duffy have become a first class menace to de Valera in less than six months. In Rumania the Iron Guard has been bullying Jews for more than a year, and recently rose to the level of public assassination. Even England has a Fascist group, with one of the Labor Party's numerous deserters as leader. The English Blackshirts have followed both Italy and Germany, distinguishing themselves so far by scuffling with Communists and beating aged Jews in the streets of London.

In all these examples, it can be observed that Fascist movements follow generally similar lines. Repudiation of democracy, opposition to socialism, suppression of labor and persecution of minorities are the common basis. Fascism, in spite of its intense nationalism, has a universal character. It has similar aims, recruits its supporters from similar social levels, meets a common "menace" and employs identical tactics the world over. It is a genuinely international movement, not in the gentler sense that it promotes peace and understanding, but in the sense that each Fascist group is a copy of the other. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Fascism hereby follows the most important of the Marxist theses—the class character of social movements.

Such universality should hint at a common basis in political science and philosophy. Other movements have it. Socialism, the antithesis of Fascism, possesses a body of doctrine designed to fit every situation. Definitely accepting its international character, it acknowledges a common parent and a common book of laws. Democracy has ac-

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cepted international models since its beginning, first from England and later from the United States. Monarchy claims its ultimate source in God, who is the same to all men and all countries.

Fascism, although its leaders would deny it, is open to the search for a common origin. Several names in political science and philosophy have been suggested since observers first turned their attention to the movement. When the Blackshirts took power in Italy, students turned to Machiavelli for an explanation. Mussolini, they argued, had been reading *"The Prince,"* that handy guide to the technique of autocracy. Mussolini was a dictator and a tyrant, and the unscrupulous Florentine his master—so it was said. The explanation, while satisfactory at the time, has not endured. Machiavelli was a mediaeval writer. He has said nothing on social questions as they confront us at the present time. Since the 16th century, a whole class has been created whose existence could not be conceived of then. His advice to princes, while admirable and concise, does not apply to modern conditions. Mussolini for all his autocratic rule is not a prince, and has shown no intention of becoming one. He is the leader of a mass movement, enlisting the support of the majority of his people. In Machiavelli's time, the majority of the people were hardly considered to exist, and certainly not considered as the source of political power.

Nietzsche has been another name advanced as the inspiration of Fascism. Here again the claim cannot be substantiated. Nietzsche, most turgid of philosophers, can hardly be accused of possessing a science of politics, much less of outlining the syllabus of mass power. Rhetoric on the superman is doubtless inspiring to the future dictator, but it will not help him to capture the hearts and minds of his people. The race theories of Huston Chamberlain, required reading for anti-semites, are intellectually contemptible. Hitler has learned nothing from them beyond a pseudo-scientific justification for his particular Nordic emotions.

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A more nearly rational thesis for Fascism has been found in the work of Alfredo Pareto, the Italian sociologist. Pareto meets almost all the Fascist definitions. He is anti-Marxist, anti-democratic and opposed to social utopias. He is not primarily an economist, and therefore escapes the Fascist charge of materialism. By his reliance upon mathematics he imparts an exact air to his most dogmatic pronouncements. His writings, chiefly embodied in the *Trattato di Sociologia Generale,* are enormously long, and hence admirably suited to politico-religious interpretation. Though his work is not widely known, it has been established that Mussolini sat under him at Lausanne, and credit has been given him for converting Il Duce from his earlier socialism. It is doubtful if Hitler, Goebbels and Goering are aware of his existence.

Pareto's main thesis is the decay of the present "cycle of plutocratic demagogy" and the rise of a cycle of autocratic control. Just as feudalism fell at the hands of a determined middle class, the bourgeois-democratic system as we know it now is falling at the hands of men who are determined to rule in its place. In the "circulation of the elite" the parliamentary bourgeoisie is being replaced by individual leaders, an "elite" of dictators and autocrats. Social cycles, not being permanent, are under the control of men, and not conditioned by abstract ideas of ethics, social justice and humanitarianism. Such qualities do not exist beyond the minds of dreamers and visionaries. Dictatorship is the one reality. Previously this reality expressed itself through class control. Now in the apparent decay of democracy it is expressing itself through individual leaders. These leaders, incidentally, are justified in whatever means they employ to take over control.

It is easy to see how Fascists find comfort in the work of Pareto. It exalts their autocractic yearnings to the level of destiny, by informing them that their rise to power is inevitable. It underlines the rottenness of democracy, justifies reactionary tactics, makes the leader all powerful and puts the whole on a lofty scientific basis. By waving away all questions of social right as abstractions, it disposes of liberals, progressives and radicals in one simple positive breath. Combining with this the anarchist-syndicalist philosophy of Sorel, which regards violence and intuition as the main qualities for rulership, Fascism has found its nearest approach to a *rationale.*

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But neither all Fascists nor a majority of them regard Pareto as a central authority. As mentioned above, Mussolini is the only dictator who has studied him. The Nazis, the Iron Guard, the Blue Shirts and the dozen other exponents of permanent autocracy have not learned their politics from books so much as they have learned them from their emotional reactions to present economic and social pressure. Fascism as we witness it in operation is a movement of direct action. It is not a product of scholars or philosophers. The Nazis and the Blackshirts are men of deeds, and seldom feel, or express, the need to explain themselves in rational terms. The hastiest glance at the writings of their leaders will prove this. Hitler's *Mein Kampf,* a mixture of bloodlust, neurotic hatreds and elliptical thinking, may be taken as an example. For an understanding of Fascism, therefore, it is necessary to study it as a living social movement.

Preliminary to such an examination is a glance into previous social conditions. Fascism, though a mass movement, is primarily a movement of the middle class. Storm troops and Blackshirts Militia are not recruited from the proletariat, but from the petty bourgeois, the small tradesmen and the white collar workers. To achieve Fascist revolt, this group must be large, discontented, and until the advent of Fascist captains, leaderless. Germany furnishes perhaps the best examples of these qualities. Since 1918, the German lower middle class has increased almost sixty per cent—two and a half times the rate of increase of the proletariat. Under the impact of successive post-war depressions, the majority of them were unable to find work. Faced with apparently permanent unemployment, they saw no better prospect than reduction to manual labor levels, a prospect that filled them with horror. Fear of proletarian status was combined with jealousy, for the industrial workers in Germany, through labor unions, were better off economically than the white collar workers. They

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were organized, received more social insurance benefits, were better protected from exploitation and more accustomed to the forcible expression of their dissatisfaction. Hitler appeared as the savior of the lower middle classes, offering them the same benefits and the same militant leadership their proletarian rivals had enjoyed. It is small wonder that they were glad to join him, and that once in power they proceeded to wreck the trade unions and the radical organizations they had so bitterly envied in the past.

With this increase in the lower middle class came an increase in the intellectual classes: students, professional workers and the like. These people also were faced with unemployment, both in Italy and in Germany. The German problem was particularly acute, for while the total number of university and technical school graduates increased roughly sixty per cent since the war, the number of positions fell. In the later post-war years, for example, there were some 26,000 graduates annually, with only 12,000 professional or technical jobs open to them. Most of these students felt the same fear of reduction to a lower social level. National Socialism promised an end to this situation.

A third element of discontent is furnished by a large and debt burdened peasantry. Italy, Germany and the other Fascist countries have appealed greatly to this class. It is especially responsive in times of world depression, when agricultural prices decline and mortgage rates remain stationary. Previous German governments fell one after another because they had no solution for this problem. The Nazis and the Communists were the only groups promising to end the intolerable situation. Since the Nazis proposed to give the land to the farmers in small holdings, rather than to socialize it in collectives, the peasants naturally supported the Nazis.

Defeat or disappointment in a major war provides a discontented mass of ex-soldiers, patriots and fire eating youth for the Fascist orators to work upon. The drastic injustice of the Versailles Treaty made almost every German into a nationalist. While no party disagreed on this issue, the National Socialists were the most vociferous about it, and therefore the most popular among patriotic Germans. In addition, the Nazis employed the Treaty for further attack on the radical and semi-radical parties, offering the ingenious "stab in the back" theory as an explanation of Germany's post-war sufferings. Since the Social Democrats had been forced to make peace with the Allies, the Nazis concluded that they were to blame for all Germany's humiliations and defeats. The explanation was simple. The fact that it was false did not destroy its appeal.

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Italy, while nominally a victor in the World War, did not receive a tithe of what it expected from the Versailles loot. Secret treaties in 1915 had promised Italy almost all the territory patriotic greed could want. But when the Italian delegation in Paris tried to collect, it was rebuffed by the stronger Allies, and returned home comparatively empty handed. Nationalists were quick to fasten the blame upon the democratic parties then in power. D'Annunzio became a national hero when he seized Fiume in protest, and Mussolini used his deed to stimulate the patriotic frenzy necessary to Fascism.

The tradition of military training is an ingredient that greatly simplifies the Fascist task. The essence of Fascist discipline is unquestioning obedience to authority. Universal military service is the ideal school for this quality. Soldiers are not expected to think, and they are punished if they question orders. The same thing is expected of Stormtroopers. They are allowed more play for their emotions, perhaps, but the same blind following of leaders is required. Fascism has its strongest appeal to the mass of people who prefer to be led. A strong military tradition, plus a comparatively short experience of democracy (the two go together), trains this class in the instinct of dumb obedience.

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Finally, there is the required presence of a minority to act as scapegoat for popular discontent. In Italy, this minority was made up of the active Socialists and pacifists, and Fascism when it came to power took pitiless revenge upon their fancied treason. Germany has followed more classic lines in selecting the Jews as leading official whipping boys for the nation. In addition the Nazis have linked Jews, radicals and international bankers in a miraculous union of blame for economic ills. A restless middle class is not satisfied with abstract explanations of its troubles. Students, white collar workers, ex-soldiers and professional patriots require flesh and blood objects for their wrath. They are invariably found in some racial or national minority. If the minority is weak and incapable of striking back, so much the better, for Fascists are not unnecessarily heroic.

Given a discontented middle class, disappointment in war, a minority to persecute, and shrewd leaders, Fascist steps to power follow. First is the unremitting use of propaganda. In the unexpurgated version of his autobiography, Hitler remarks that there is no limit to the deception of the masses permissible. If it is effective, propaganda may be based almost wholly on lies. Any statement, however distorted, any promise, however faithless, is justified. The masses have notoriously short memory, and if angered at the repudiation of one slogan, can easily be diverted with another. Hitler cites the success of the Allies in persuading America to enter the war, and it must be admitted the model is good.

The use of the name "National Socialist German Workers' Party" gives the clue to the extent of this technique of deception. The Nazis did not hesitate to use radical and even revolutionary phraseology in their agitation. Section Eleven of the twenty-five point program, for example, demands "the elimination of income which is obtained without labor or effort." Useful as an appeal to the radical elements in Germany, it was immediately forgotten when the Nazis came to power. It did not matter that "The leaders of the Party promise, if necessary under the pledge of their lives, to work ruthlessly for the carrying out of the promises above set forth." Even the communilization of department and chain stores promised to the small tradesmen was laid aside, and within three months of power Hitler was ordering a halt to all attacks on

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them. Fascists endeavor to be all things to all men. For working class propaganda, they employ radical slogans. For middle class agitation, they promise attacks on big trusts and bankers. For the quieter work on the aristocracy and the great industrialists, they promise to end strikes and to reduce wages. So far the Nazis and the Blackshirts have kept faith with only the last named class.

With the use of propaganda comes a more active form of agitation, the creation of disorder. Much has been heard about the chaos and anarchy of Italy before the March on Rome. The blame was laid on the radical organizations and the trade unions. Mussolini, we are told, brought order and civilization back to Italy. But as a matter of historical fact, the post-war confusion and upset had largely ceased before the Fascist Militia appeared on the scene. Trade and industrial production had resumed normal activity—as nearly normal as world wide conditions would permit. The Blackshirts revived the period of unsettlement, since it suited their purposes to alarm the nation with tales of imminent chaos. War was waged on working class districts, radical villages and city quarters were ravaged with machine gun and bomb. The Fascist Militia did not hesitate to sabotage factories and public utilities in the effort to produce a state of terror in the populace. The Nazis have followed the same tactics, with provocative raids on radical districts, pitched battles with Communists and Socialists, strike breaking activities and the like. The method is familiar. To justify dictatorship, it is necessary to produce evidence of hopeless public confusion. If the evidence does not already exist, it must be manufactured.

Propaganda and agitation cost money. Stormtroopers have to be fed on something more substantial than appeals to their emotions. A large and steady campaign fund is therefore necessary, a considerably larger fund than the more democratic parties require. The fund is raised in various ways. Small merchants are assured that only Fascism offers them protection from radical attack—a form of shakedown similar to our own racketeering. Professional people who fear socialism and the possibility of revolution are also warned. Finally big employers, reactionary industrialists and large landowners are approached. Once convinced that the safety of their profits demands Fascism, they will contribute heavily. In Germany, for example, Siemens, Krupp, Blohm and other great firms have long been supporting Hitler with funds. Wage reductions once the Fascists are in power amply repay their sacrifice.

Fascist parties (like their radical opponents) profess to despise democratic forms, but they do not disdain to run candidates in elections. Here the method varies in direct ratio to success at the polls. Early in the growth of the movement, the Fascist election tactics are as mild and gentle as could be desired. All legal forms are strictly observed. Intimidation, ballot stuffing and the other corruptions of voting are virtuously avoided. The Fascist deputies will even coöperate with opposition parties in strictly parliamentary tactics. As popular support grows, however, the method changes. Propaganda for votes merges with more direct ways of securing them. Given a majority, or even a near majority, in the parliament, the Fascist deputies proceed to change rules and practise as it pleases them. The final election before the Fascist Party assumes full power is usually a farce. No other parties are permitted to run campaigns. Meetings, radio talks, newspapers, all forms of opposition propaganda are forbidden. Naturally the election shows an overwhelming majority for the party in power. Once that majority is assured (again Fascists demonstrate a curious fidelity to forms), the *coup d'état* proceeds.

Steps to consolidate power are taken immediately. Under the slogan of the "corporative state" democratic forms of government are abolished. The ruling Party is identified with the state—becomes the sole national authority—and all other parties are banished. Labor organizations are liquidated, their funds seized and their leaders imprisoned. Terror becomes the principal weapon of government. At first this terror is confined to radical opponents and to the minority selected for persecution. Later as the Party grows in strength it is extended to the more moderate elements and even to former collaborators and allies. Fascism is greedy of power, and cannot endure the presence of outsiders. The abrupt and skillful way von Papen, Hugenberg and the Nationalists were shouldered aside by Hitler is an excellent example of Fascist monopoly. The fact that they had smoothed his way to the Chancellorship, agreed to all his demands and surrendered their own power to him, did not count in their favor.

The process of incorporation extends all down the line. Cultural, religious, athletic and philanthropic activities are given the choice of submission to Fascist dictatorship or extinction. In Catholic countries and districts, an early rapprochement is arranged with the Church. In Italy, where the nationalist tradition has been in conflict with the Vatican, the concordat was delayed seven years, but Mussolini was finally able to secure a settlement that had baffled previous governments since 1870. Hitler has so far had less success with the Protestant clergy, but genuine pressure has not yet been applied. Coördination of all written expression of opinion and feeling follows, with sidelines of control over theatres, movies, pictorial arts and radio. Censorship is a vital necessity to any autocratic regime, for the truth carelessly handled is dangerous.

Military steps include increase of the regular army, the legalization of the Fascist Militia, and the early training of the young in war. An aggressive foreign policy is pursued, designed both to satisfy military desires and to prove to the population that "a ring of enemies" exists around the nation. Changes in the criminal code, making offenses against the Party punishable as treason to the state, put crime and political offenses on a court martial basis. An attack on Fascism becomes an attack on the nation, and the penalty ranges in severity from death to long imprisonment. The cult of the leader assumes a military tone, with *Duce* or *Fuhrer* elevated to the height of warrior king. Fascist dictators are selected from the soldier class, and their political conduct is accordingly warlike.

In that military character is Fascism's greatest danger to the world. Fascist leaders in interviews with foreign visitors profess a desire for peace, but the protests hardly accord with their monstrous preparations for war. Fascism expresses itself in militarism. Germany lives in a state of siege. Government policy and propaganda inflame nationalism to a constantly increasing pitch. Sooner or later the war emotion must boil over into action. All Europe is an armed camp. The Versailles Treaty fifteen years ago set the economic and geographic background for struggle. Fascism supplies the urge and will to settle its problems by war.

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Economic War Reports

Compiled by E. H. Collins

American Front

IN MANY QUARTERS the Presidential message of January 15 calling for the revaluation of gold was accepted as evidence of an early termination of monetary uncertainty. This may or may not be true; but it is certainly true that, next to the President's flouting of the World Economic Conference in July, it was the most bellicose economic move that we have made against the other nations of the world since the gold embargo. The President has announced that we will ultimately stabilize somewhere between 60 and 50 cents for the American dollar. Placing the most conservative interpretation possible on this statement it would mean that we planned to stabilize a full 10 per cent under the British pound sterling; but if we are to go all the way to 50 cents—as there is better reason to suspect in the light of the Administration's apparent willingness to do anything to please friends of higher prices—the premium on the pound would be much greater. We are being told by some commentators that "no currency war is looked for," but the fact is there has been a currency war for two years, and this will almost certainly accentuate it enormously. Indeed, as this is written reports are already at hand that Canada and Japan, at least, are preparing to meet our action with further reductions in the values of their currencies. Perhaps the most optimistic view that one can take is that this may, by forcing extreme nationalism to its ultimate conclusion, hasten the dawn of peace.

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Canadian Front

CANADA IS HAVING SOME DIFFICULTY in knowing which of the more highly developed countries to take as a model in shaping her economy. She swerves now to Great Britain, now to this country, in a way which leaves her economy rather a hodge podge. From Britain she immediately took the example of currency depreciation. From the United States she now seems on the point of taking the policy of a large public works program. She was trying to draw on the experience of the United States and establish a bank of issue. Imagine her embarrassment, however, when the United States scuttled the Federal Reserve System, which seemed so worthy of emulation, and turned to a plan for placing control of the currency directly in the hands of the government in much the same way that the Canadian note issue is handled. But, whatever the exemplar, Canada has been quick to rally from the Depression, being like that other Dominion, Australia, in this regard. The depression and the trick of depreciating a currency have made of Canada a country with a visible favorable balance of trade. All through 1933 Canada had a balance of exports. with the exception of April. In October exports amounted to $60,760,000, the largest volume since that for May, 1931. The export surplus in that month was nearly $20,000,000.

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Italian Front

PREMIER MUSSOLINI has just told a worshipful Italian Senate that "monetary manipulation cannot bring about an effective and permanent rise in prices." He compared money juggling with the old practice of coin clipping. While granting that Mussolini is on safe ground in calling currency manipulation "dupery," one can only wonder how much longer the lira can remain without the circle of paper currencies. Professor Rist, of France, has pointed out that the countries which depreciate their currencies are trying to raise their prices and indexes of business activity by leaning on the gold standard countries. In the third quarter of last year Italian exports declined 15 per cent and imports increased nearly 6 per cent—this at a time when American exports were rising sharply. The Italian trade balance thus was rendered adverse for the first time since 1929, the deficit of 272,000,000 lire comparing with a surplus of 65,000,000 lire a year before. For all of the success which Mussolini has had in crushing labor unions and forbidding strikes, the question arises whether even he has the power to cut wages and costs enough to counter-balance the currency depreciation in much of the rest of the world. Mussolini has already had to cut all wages of the workers twice. But of what avail to Italy are two wage cuts when the United States can cheapen its currency 40 per cent and one-and-a-half times as much?

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French Front

THE STATEMENT is not strictly accurate that the days of colonization are over. They are not over because Japan has not yet gone through the imperialistic phase. For world trade it is of great importance that Japan seems to be ready to close the deal for the financing of her Manchuokuo's development with French interests. Most countries have undertaken imperialistic enterprises when they were exporters of capital. Japan, though, is an exception, as she still needs to import capital. In an effort to find a market for the products of some of her heavy industries, France is trying to obtain orders from Japan for the upbuilding of Manchuokuo and, very conveniently, is offering to lend Japan the money to make the purchases. It is this kind of development of backward countries which has proved invaluable in the past in lifting business in the industrialized countries out of the Depression. It is not usual, however, for a country which controls a colony to have its development financed by another. But it is fortunate for French industry that it is so, for France has been set upon by the paper cur-

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rency countries in the last two years. The adverse balance of trade in France, which in 1928 was only 4 per cent, increased from 19 per cent in 1930 to 36 per cent last year.

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German Sector

PROTESTS have been pouring in on Germany for reducing the interest payments in cash on her long term foreign debt from 50 to 30 per cent. Great Britain registered a most energetic protest and threatened to retaliate by impounding balances in London and seting up a clearing house for German payments. As Britain buys far more from Germany than she sells, the clearing house for payments can be made very effective. France has sided with Great Britain, even though French holdings of German bonds in partial default are small. The United States and Sweden also have protested, and even Holland, which has a special trade arrangement with Germany, has muttered objections. The Reichsbank, however, has stood firm and unapologetic, wishing to continue the system by which German exporters are subsidized at the expense of holders of external German bonds. The resentment which the German foreign debt policy has stirred up, combined with the deep feeling over the German anti-Semitism, is cutting in on German trade, as is evidenced by the 343,000 increase in the country's unemployed in December. It is pleasant to record that Nazi-ism, for all of its barbarous terrorism and cruelty, cannot long survive that sort of trend. Further woe has been heaped on Germany by France in the imposition of a long list of quotas on imports from the Reich. Germany has retaliated with restrictions designed to reduce imports from France by 600,000,000 francs a year. This trade war will of course hurt French and German trade. It will indirectly hurt business elsewhere too, as goods which ordinarily would have been sold in France and Germany doubtless will be pressed for in other countries.

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British Front

THE OFFICIAL BRITISH ATTITUDE toward the American monetary experiment and the depreciation of the dollar has been one of outward imperturbability. The British government has thought that all it had to do was to bide its time and the American policy would surely come to grief; costs under the NRA would rise so much as to nullify the trade advantage provided by the fall in the dollar, and anyway the dollar would soon drown in a sea of inflation. The Spartan lad whose vitals were being gnawed by a wolf may have thought the animal would choke himself before much damage was done. In the first eleven months of 1933 British exports increased £4,370,000 and imports declined nearly £30,000,000. The visible import surplus was reduced by more than £32,000,000 in comparison with the total for the previous year. In December, however, imports rose £2,600,000 over the December, 1932, total, while exports were £2,000,000 lower and re-exports declined £100,000. See what has been happening, too, in Australia, a market that has been predominantly British. Australian imports of Japanese goods have risen 50 per cent in the first several months of 1933 above the total for 1932. Japanese textiles are being readmitted into India. Great Britain does not wish to injure her European customers by setting the pound to chase the dollar and yen. But it is a costly process merely to stand and wait. On the other side of the ledger, it can be reported that British imports of American pork are being increased from 6.3 to 7.64 per cent on March 1 in return for America's doubling Britain's liquor import allotment.

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Japanese Sector

THE WORLD is at length becoming thoroughly aware of the extraordinary results which Japan is getting in the export field. The International Labor Office at Geneva is making a study of Japanese trade methods, and important recommendations are expected to follow hard on the completion of its investigation. It has been repeatedly pointed out here that Japanese competition in world markets is aggressive and, on occasion, unfair. Japanese wages are the lowest for any country with any pretense to civilization. As the labor office points out, Japanese weavers are paid as little as 14½ cents a day for a ten hour day. On top of this wage scale hardly fit for peons, the Japanese authorities have depreciated the yen to a level only 60 per cent of the new 60 cent dollar—the largest degree of depreciation by far effected by any of the principal countries. More than that, Japan is favoring her overseas shipping with certain subsidies. It is a combination which no other country can match. Some nations have low currencies and relatively high wage scales; others have low wages and currencies with a comparatively high gold value. But Japan has a system which retains the best features of both, with each carried to the fullest degree of development—a most complete mixture of Fascism and cheap currency. It is small wonder, then, that Japanese exports to South America rose 220 per cent in two years, while her exports to the United States and Europe were up 30 per cent and to Asia 60 per cent.

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Latin American Sector

AS HAD BEEN ANTICIPATED, Cuba defaulted on its American held public works debt on January 1, and thus Argentina is the only Latin-American country continuing to meet the interest and sinking fund requirements, in full, on its national debt. President Roosevelt's latest steps in shaping a national currency program, calling for a further fall in the exchange value of the dollar, will be welcomed in the lands south of us as equivalent to a reduction in our tariff on South American exports and, in the case of Argentina, a reduction in the burden of debt service.

In general, it may be said that South America faces the year 1934 with prospects for improved relations with the United States and at least no further deterioration in economic conditions. But these items on the asset side of the balance sheet have been achieved solely by almost universal default on Latin American bonds held by American investors, and this debt problem is certain to plague South American chancelleries for years to come. The sacrifice of the American bondholders is of advantage to the American exporters, and the State Department, as represented by Mr. Hull at Montevideo lately, by dissociating itself in so many words from the activity of "international bankers," has unfortunately conveyed the impression that the United States is more keenly interested in favoring our exports than protecting the interests of our investors. But with the organization of the Foreign Bondholders' Protective Council now well on its way to completion, it is to be expected and hoped that the inarticulate investor will be more adequately defended than he has been in the past.

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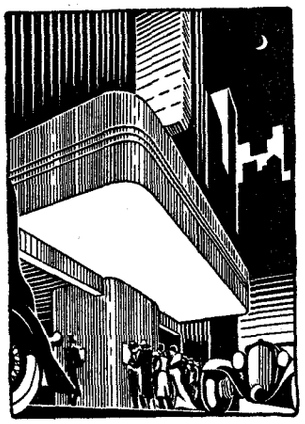

To See or Not to See

By Cy Caldwell

Ziegfeld Follies *Sponsored by Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld (Billie Burke) and produced by the Shuberts*

There's no use pretending that the late Florenz Ziegfeld ever would have placed his imprimatur on this show; for it contains enough dirt for the cast to grow their own flowers if some Congressman would send them seeds. Knowing New York audiences, I consider that statement a boost. And I certainly want to boost these Follies, even if they are labeled and libel Ziegfeld; for, take them as a whole, and forgiving this and that, I enjoyed them immensely. To begin with (and to end with, for that matter), there's Fannie Brice, a constant delight whether anyone writes any material for her or not. Give Miss Brice the most mediocre dialogue, and she will polish it with a humor of her own contriving that will make it shine; give her two fans and ask her to satirize fan-dancing and you will never again be able to watch Sally Rand without bursting out laughing. I recommend Miss Brice, in everything she says and does, as the most delightfully funny thing in town; in a week of the dreariest and most futile theatrical exhibits these old eyes have seen, she and the Follies which she glorifies were my only real happiness.

The rest of the Follies is very good; really it is, if you can overlook several exhibitions of bad taste, including as samples one Oliver Wakefield and a sketch depicting the return of a radio star to Russia, and a deplorable reference to the Unknown Soldier. In a revue so generally excellent, I wonder why they do these things. On the credit side I am happy to place beautiful girls, some effective settings, and Willie Howard battling manfully against poor material. Mr. Howard is a great comic, and some day someone will write something for him that doesn't force him to fight for every laugh. Oddly enough, the law against singers appearing in musical shows seems to have been repealed, for we have Everett Marshall and Jane Froman in several fine numbers; and the Howard Brothers and the Follies Choral Ensemble are very pleasing. Then there's Patricia Bowman if you like toe-dancing and Vilma and Buddy Ebsen if you like more speed, less grace, and more noise with the feet. And, every now and then, there's Fannie Brice as Soul Saving Sadie, who resembles that other grand comic, Aimee Semple McPherson; and as Baby Snooks in a wretched sketch which she makes quite funny; and as the Countess Dubinsky, who is showing her skinsky in a burlesque by Minsky; and as Stonewall Annie in Sailor Behave. In short, the Ziegfeld Follies is just Fannie Brice surrounded by a lot of stuff, some good, some indifferent, some very bad. But good, bad, or indifferent, I recommend it to you because Miss Brice glorifies it by her amusing presence.

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The Lake *Play by Dorothy Massingham and Murray MacDonald. A Jed Harris Production*

Miss Katharine Hepburn's meteoric rise to cinematic fame has seemed to me to be due less to acting ability than to an intense and memory-haunting personality, to fine direction, and to the magic of expert photography and modulated sound recording—all combining to produce an illusion in light and shadow and sound which we know as Katharine Hepburn. On the stage we see and hear the young woman herself, as awkward and gangling as a young colt, with a strident, penetrating, monotonous voice, but still with that vivid personality, the divine gift of differentiation, an invaluable possession for one who hopes to become a great actress. It is interesting to see her in this groping, formative period of her career, and in a play which must have been distorted from its original form to serve as a vehicle for her rather than as a coherent drama. For it is a peculiar mixture of drama, light comedy, and farce, an unhappy combination, leaping from mood to mood with little or no reason. In the second act, for instance, it drops the tragic mood induced by a sincere study of a young girl's love problems and leaps into a farcical wedding reception peopled by as ridiculous a set of characters as anyone could imagine; if Jimmy Durante and Raymond Moley, as wedding guests, had walked on arm in arm I wouldn't have been surprised. Apparently devised for comedy relief, this scene was as out of place as though "Mary of Scotland" had been stopped midway while the actors threw custard pies at each other. After this frolic the cast found the cards stacked against them as they played out the tragedy to its conclusion; my sympathies were overwhelmed by a suspicion that it would all end in burlesque, though it didn't.

As the neurotic daughter of a selfish and domineering mother (Miss Frances Starr), Miss Hepburn fell in love with a handsome and quite useless young married man, avoided him by marrying a noble young soldier (Colin Clive) whom she thought that she didn't love but whom she found that she really loved, just after the ceremony. This surprising discovery was followed a few minutes later by the husband's death in the lake, into which both of them had been catapulted in an automobile accident as they were running away from the wedding reception—and no wonder! The third act gently lets the wind out of all this, and we leave Miss Hepburn walking toward the lake, whether to find herself or to drown herself I leave for you to guess—I wasn't quite sure, myself.

Jed Harris gives this comic and tragic tomfoolery a lavish production, with Miss Blanche Bates offering the one sane characterization of the play as a cynical old maid, with Miss Starr very good as the tyrannical mother, Lionel Pape excellent as the weak and dim-witted father, and Colin Clive doing well enough in a part that doesn't fit him. What The Lake may have been as a London success I do not know, but in its present form it is merely an interesting theatrical exhibit, worth seeing only because of the people who appear in it.

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Days Without End *Play by Eugene O'Neill. Presented by The Theatre Guild*

It is my mournful duty to report that our first dramatist, whose Ah Wilderness with George M. Cohan gave me one of my most joyous experiences in the theatre, has returned to a morbid inspection of the human soul. In Days Without End, described as a modern miracle play, Mr. O'Neill takes a feral fulmination named John Loving and divides him, amoeba-like, into two parts: John, the good amoeba, is played by Earle Larimore, while Loving, the big bad sour amoeba who sits just behind John, invisible to, but heard by, the other characters, is played by Stanley Ridges wearing a half mask and a discontented expression. An expert manipulator of masks and dual personalities, Mr. O'Neill pulls the strings on these puppets so cleverly that his weird and lugubrious Siamese twins always held my interest, though never for a moment did they seem to be made of the stuff of real life. To me they were just a couple of experimental growths from Mr. O'Neill's theatrical laboratory; and both were suffering from spiritual indigestion.

John Loving, both of him, is writing a biographical novel; worse, he is talking about it, interminably. Like the Ancient Mariner he seizes upon such defenseless auditors as his uncle, a Catholic priest (excellently portrayed by Robert Loraine), and his wife, and pours out his morbid tale. In the process we learn that, as a religious boy, he had lost both parents, had become embittered, morose, full of tormenting agonies. He had cursed God, had embraced atheism, Communism, Buddhism,

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finally tossed them aside; had become a spiritual wanderer in the mazes of theology and psychology; and even had dabbled briefly in adultery with a married woman (Ilka Chase), a friend of his wife, another troubled soul caught up in the web of Mr. O'Neill's glum imaginings. John Loving tells his wife and his uncle the priest all of this, as the plot of his novel, little dreaming that the lady with whom he has sinned already has acquainted the wife with her own O'Neillish torments, though she hadn't mentioned her guilty partner by name. Naturally, though, the wife (Selena Royale) puts two and two together, despairs because her husband with the double-jointed soul has been untrue to her, and goes out into the rain to contract pneumonia—the poor wretch had made it clear in his gloomy novel that he resented her love. There is a grim struggle between the two amoebas, John and Loving, who rush to a nearby church, where John embraces the old-time religion and Loving collapses and dies. Meanwhile, as the wife passes the crisis of her illness and declares that she loves her husband and wants him back, we may presume that John returns a penitent to love his wife and to listen enraptured thereafter to the sermons of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman on the radio.

All of this left me unmoved and unbelieving, though interested throughout. Especially I find myself unable to believe in John's dramatic conversion: an embittered realist, he had eaten nothing for days, hadn't slept; was, as his doctor declared, on the verge of a nervous breakdown. His conversion, which Mr. O'Neill evidently expects us to accept seriously as a modern miracle, could have been nothing more than an emotional brainstorm—and such brainstorms pass after a sleep and a good dinner. In fact, many times during the performance I felt like saying, "Come, come, my man! It isn't *that* bad! Let us have done with this spiritual orgy and go out and get ourselves a glass of beer and some oysters. You are taking yourself too seriously."

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I Was a Spy *Fox - Gaumont - British*

The English picture producers are catching up to Hollywood, not with their average product, but with the occasional feature that will stand comparison with the best of ours. I Was A Spy is an excellent picture, magnificently directed by Victor Saville and acted to the King's taste by Madeleine Carroll, Herbert Marshall, Conrad Veidt, and Sir Gerald Du Maurier. It is alive, fast-paced, exciting, different, the film version of Martha McKenna's story of her espionage work in Belgium during the days of the German occupation. Mrs. McKenna, now the wife of a British officer, was Mlle. Martha Cnockhaert, a Belgian nurse in the town of Roulers, and it is her own life story which the picture tells. In it there is the ring of truth; as the story unfolds the cast cease to be actors playing parts, and become actual people in your imagination. And when a picture achieves that height, it is an extraordinary picture. Unless an old soldier's memory is failing him, the settings are authentic reproductions of the Roulers of those days; with the exception of the flying scenes, which unfortunately show a modern type of close formation flying, the war-time atmosphere of the production is flawless.

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Man of Two Worlds *RKO-Radio*

In the average movie house I imagine that this one would be pretty hard to take. But sitting after a good luncheon in a comfortable mezzanine seat of Radio City Music Hall, contentedly puffing away at my pipe, I didn't find it too bad. Besides, it was raining, and I had no place else to go. It's that sort of film. It tells the incredible yarn of an Eskimo hunter (Francis Lederer) who is taken by an explorer (Henry Stephenson) to London where he meets the explorer's daughter (Elissa Landi) uncomfortably mis-cast. I liked the first part, studio ice, igloos and all, but as we ambled along, I fear that Miss Landi and myself were about equally annoyed, and showed it. Poor Mr. Lederer had to be very coy and ingenuous in London; and the role sat heavily on the shoulders of the talented young Czech, who finally embraced Miss Landi, avowing love. "I just knew this would happen," said Miss Landi disgustedly, and so did I. There was a Polar bear in the picture that I liked, but the dialogue finally got me down for the count. "Aigo like Lady Jane," said Mr. Lederer. "Aigo all same white man." Conversation like that becomes wearing, even on a rainy day. If Hollywood gives Mr. Lederer a good story, I think that he'll please you; in this picture he is a good actor battling against tremendous odds.

Come of Age *Play by Clemence Dane with music by Richard Addinsell. Presented by Delos Chappell*

Willing at any time to report the favorable reactions of others to a play which I did not like, I am glad to tell you that not only the matinee audience as a whole but also the Lady Who Sits at my Left warmly applauded this peculiar metaphysical exhibit. It is, she tells me, an exquisite thing, gorgeously produced, grandly acted, moving in its pathos and its beauty, with a musical accompaniment that carries the esthetic soul far, far away on rhythmic waves of melody. Perhaps the trouble is that I'm not an esthetic soul, but merely a somewhat worn old heel of a drama reviewer, for I found Come of Age a collection of fantastic and rather mushy nonsense, written in the most wretched doggerel that ever impinged upon my ears, but redeemed in part by the superb performance of Miss Judith Anderson and the musical underscoring of Mr. Addinsell's compositions. The poetic feeling and beauty, dropped here and there like raisins in a cake, probably will appeal to the ladies, and so will the appearance and the performance of Stephen Haggard, a young Englishman. In fact, I have no hesitation in advising ladies of a romantic turn of mind to see this play; although such virile specimens of the feminine sex as tennis players and air pilots probably will sniff disdainfully at the play and at Mr. Haggard, as they would at Rudy Vallee, for example. It's all very lah-de-dah, really, and most of it is spoken in that atrocious West End Cockney dialect, which neither King George V nor the Prince of Wales, who speak good English, would recognize as their native tongue. The variety used by the cast is that ham-flavored English of the London stage and the British Broadcasting Corporation about which Constant Reader and Old Subscriber write indignant letters to the *Times*.

Hurdling this vocal barrier to enjoyment, and getting down to the meat of the play, I find it a romantic hash, as indigestible as hash usually is. Miss Dane takes that tragic poetical genius, Thomas Chatterton, who was born in 1752 and who died by his own hand, in 1770, and begins with the moment when he is summoned by Death. The boy, aged only eighteen, begs Death to let him live again, at least long enough to come of age; and Death permits him to do so, telling him that, while they have been talking, over a century and a half has sped by. Thus Chatterton (Stephen Haggard) finds himself in the London of to-day and in love with a shallow and sinful woman (Judith Anderson). It is Berkeley Square in reverse gear, lacking all of the virtues of that fine play. In the second act, as fraudulently the virtues of that fine play In the second act, as fraudulently theatrical a bit of playwriting as I have encountered, the woman gets drunk and insults Chatterton by auctioning him off to her shoddy friends. But his love for her triumphs over his aversion, and he forgives her before Death comes for him again.

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Queen Christina *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

Instead of the real Christina, who would have shocked the sanctified Czar Hays and annoyed the majority of cinema patrons, we have a romanticized Christina who offends nobody, pleases most of us. A skillful blend of history, biographical fact and fiction, the Christina of Greta Garbo comes to us as a thoroughly delightful creation; we can believe in her as a woman and as a queen, which is a tribute to Miss Garbo's acting; to Rouben Mamoulian's direction, and to the rich, lively dialogue of S. N. Behrman. That this creation was not the ugly and abnormal woman who had herself crowned King of Sweden is a mere detail. An old realist myself, I'm always glad to trade drab realism for romance if only the romantic figure is human, and doesn't have too many impossible virtues. With no space, and even less inclination, to recount the plot details, I say simply see Queen Christina. It is a magnificent, fluent, romantic drama, superbly acted, directed, and produced.

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Big Hearted Herbert *Comedy by Sophie Kerr and Anna Steese Richardson. Presented by Eddie Dowling*

Starting with a bright comedy idea, that probably will be developed competently in the movies, those responsible for the stage version of Big Hearted Herbert have constructed a flat-footed burlesque which lumbers along, overdone hokum farce, often amusing, more often annoying. J. C. Nugent plays with broad humor the part of the grumpy head of a family who objects to his daughter's engagement to a Harvard man. He is a miserly boor, snobbishly proud of his rise from poverty to comparative riches, declaring that he is a plain man, demanding that his family be plain people. His long-suffering wife finally turns upon him, giving him an over-large dose of his own plain panacea. The second-night audience roared with laughter and evidently enjoyed itself far more than I did.

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New Hill-Billies for Old

by Chester Crowell

They asked for four-hundred million, did this group of the new social planners. With the twenty-five million which they got, they have begun one of the unique experiments of the New Deal, which indicates the creation of a new type of American hill-billies.

EARLY in the spring of 1933, when numerous statesmen were dashing hither and yon to assemble eggs for the setting that hatched the National Recovery Act, John Hollis Bankhead of Jasper, Alabama, United States Senator from that state, brought, as his contribution, a plan to appropriate $400,000,000 for the establishment of numerous garden or small-farm communities near urban centers, preferably industrial, so that families dependent upon irregular wages and part-time employment could raise their own food and thus achieve a greater measure of economic independence. His conception of the scheme marked it as a major part of the public works program. In the hurry of those crowded hours, however, it did not go through quite that way. The plan met with approval, but the appropriation was cut to $25,000,000. Instead of being an important feature of the public works program it hatched out as Section 208 of the National Recovery Act and gave birth to the Division of Subsistence Homesteads, Department of the Interior. In the voluminous and highly informative arguments supporting the establishment of Federal subsistence homesteads it is generally agreed that there are about 2,000,000 more farmers than the country really needs and an equal excess of industrial employes, making a grand total of 4,000,000 problem folk about whom something should be done. With the appropriation and plans available it is estimated that help is going to reach about 10,000 of the 4,000,000. But that will be a beginning, anyway; perhaps Congress will appropriate more money. The $25,000,000 with which work begins is a revolving fund, and in theory none of it should be lost.

By the end of 1933 two projects had been approved and work was under way. One is near Dayton, Ohio; the other is known as the Arthurdale Community of Reedsville, West Virginia. They are quite different and both interesting. In Dayton the relief problem grew heavy as unemployment increased, and one group of citizens provided small gardening plots for families on the dole. The produce grown on these little plots helped materially, and the scheme developed to the point where it was possible for some of the unemployed to exchange labor and build homes on the ground provided. The agency back of this endeavor was the Unit Committee of the Council of Social Agencies, Inc., Elizabeth H. Nutting, executive secretary, and General George H. Wood, treasurer. They had a tract of 160 acres of good land three miles southwest of the Dayton city limits. With a little financial help it was decided it would be possible to build thirty-five homes on this land, each home to be surrounded by about three acres of ground. The remainder of the ground should remain as commons, or pasture. Application was accordingly made to the Subsistence Homesteads Division and a loan of $50,000 was granted for the first unit. There will be other loans later. This community, of course, was already in existence, using a house and barn on the land for public buildings. It began as a local enterprise.

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At Reedsville, W. Va., the problem is entirely different. There the mining industry has left stranded a great many families, a condition also to be found in several other states. Nothing had been started locally; there was no convenient industry upon which to lean, and the need was acute. So the Division of Subsistence Homesteads purchased ground, began work on homes for fifty families and launched a new industry. This is a furniture factory which will supply special kinds of tables and other equipment needed in postoffices. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has taken a keen interest in this enterprise, and having some experience in the furniture business, quite naturally thought of it as a possibility for men accustomed to handling tools with skill. In fact the men whose families are to occupy the first fifty homes are nearly all engaged in the work of building them. Coal miners are versatile folk as a rule, and many of them came originally from farms and know something of tilling the soil. Very shortly after the Reedsville enterprise was launched a Congressman from Indiana remarked on several newspaper front pages that the furniture factory would probably close one engaged in similar work for postoffices, the one being in his district. But Congressman James Randolph of West Virginia promptly replied that no such disaster need be feared. Since the new factory is not yet producing, the argument may safely be allowed to rest at this point until later facts develop.

The Division of Subsistence Homesteads has quite a problem on its hands in connection with the need for helping stranded coal miners without displacing industrial

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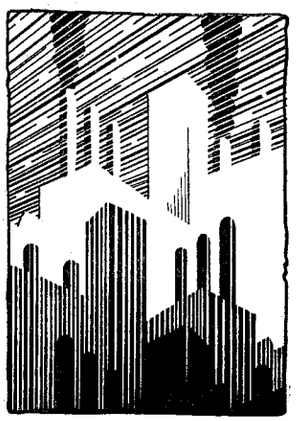

employes elsewhere. It is estimated that there are about 200,000 of these unemployed coal miners in various parts of the country. For several years the Quakers, in their own quiet way, have been trying to do something, and meeting with a reasonable measure of success. Their work was under the direction of Clarence E. Pickett, who has now been taken over by the government as Chief of the Section of Stranded Industrial and Mining Groups. He knows where they are and the characteristics of their communities. As one of the older problems in this field, they are to receive special attention. The Department of Commerce has loaned two experts to help with advice on possible new industries that would not throw other men out of work elsewhere.

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Another group ticketed to receive special attention is the textile workers in the South. The migration of cotton spinning southward resulted in the building of various communities beginning at the grass roots, and centering around the mill. Without giving the matter adequate thought, quite a number of industrialists chose the poorest and most eroded land for houses, and not very good houses, either. As they hear of the possibilities of subsistence homesteads, many of them are eager to coöperate with the government, but another problem arises in this connection. If there is only one mill in the community and the government settles workers on mortgaged garden homes nearby, the workers would not be a great deal better off, economically, than they were when renting from the mill owners. They would have better homes, of course, but the Division of Subsistence Homesteads is looking for places where there are two or four or more mills under different ownership within a reasonable distance. This is called looking for "lines of defense" for the workers. Another line of defense is the worker's ability to do something in handicrafts, in other words, his availability for more than one line of wage earning. The most eager requests for subsistence homesteads come from the communities with only one industry.

The present plan calls for projects in about forty states. Already sites have been virtually agreed upon near Birmingham, Ala., near Chicago, in Arkansas, in Mississippi and in New Jersey. The latter was launched by unemployed union needle workers, nearly all Jewish, and nearly all residents of New York City. They plan to have trucks carry garments back and forth from the city and thus leave them time to look after their orchards, gardens and cows. They started on their own.

There will be three general classes of projects as the problem is seen now. First, garden communities on the edges of cities with already existing industries. Second, garden communities to be established around new industries, or where only one industry exists. Here the second lines of defense must receive special attention. Third, the removal of farmers from submarginal lands to better soil and less of it elsewhere. This is a special problem and will not receive as much attention as the rescuing of stranded groups. The Federal Forest Service has been at work on it in a small and unobtrusive way for several years. It simply bought the submarginal land and removed it from cultivation; preferably it bought the land before settlers could reach it and wish poverty upon themselves. Now the plan is to go after these lands where they are already tilled, and not only take them over for the national forest reserve, but at the same time offer the farmer something better. Always, of course, something *smaller*. As part of this program the Department of Agriculture is to organize a special corporation to buy the lands. Those who have studied this phase of American rural life report that we are developing a new hill-billy population of amazing proportions and that unlike its predecessors of a generation ago it does not remain aloof from civilization but becomes an insistent relief problem in good times and bad. There has been a movement back to the farm, the very poorest and cheapest and most remote farms, for three years. The movement is a failure in so far as the type of citizen it produces is concerned. Something is to be done about that also, but the farmer will remain free to sell in the open market; all the government will try to prevent is adding to the total of production.

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There is a fourth group in prospect, quite small, but interesting. It is to be composed of gamekeepers exclusively. In Europe, and especially in England and Scotland, there are submarginal lands that earn a livelihood for a few residents because other men will pay an annual fee for the hunting privilege. The gamekeepers do a useful work in protecting wild life; more of it is destroyed by pests and vermin than by guns. Coöperating with states and private owners and clubs, the plan is to build suitable small homes in isolated places where gardens or orchards may add to the income of the gamekeeper and thus make him an independent homeowner in spite of a very small cash income. It is thought that this plan offers possibilities of pleasant employment for many middle-aged and elderly men as interest in game conservation spreads. There is a growing concern about what to do with middle-aged men who are not wanted in industry. What to do with the more or less unemployable will probably become one of the concerns of the Division of Subsistence Homesteads as national planning develops as a function of government.

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But let us return to the larger groups which are to be helped first. Most of the individual homesteads will have from one to three acres of land, a few five, the productivity and cost of the land will determine how many. About $2,300 is the tentative figure for a homestead, including land and building. To the greatest extent possible men will be chosen who can help to build their homes. Each community will comprise about thirty-five to fifty homes. Some will be planned with a view to making them much larger later, but that will depend upon local conditions. There is a hope that a fair start will induce others to launch their own enterprises without government help. All of the homes are to have running water, electric lights and modern sanitation, and are to be soundly built. They are to be in keeping with local conditions. For example, one project near Phoenix, Arizona, calls for adobe buildings because they are cool, use local materials and the people

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who will occupy them know how to build them. Locations will be on main roads to avoid isolation. Consideration will be given to school facilities. The loans will vary as to terms for experimental purposes. Some will run for fifteen years, some for twenty and a few on up to thirty. The interest rate will be four per cent. In some cases only interest will be asked the first two years.

As a rule the effort will be to find persons who are reasonably assured of a cash income of about $1,000 a year, but there will be experiments with others of less income. The purchasers will be under moral obligation not to sell produce in competition with other farmers. In some cases this will be written into the contract so that the sale is virtually on probation. In others the government will experiment with the buyer's word of honor. Here, again, a difficult problem enters, for each person in a community will not wish to grow every sort of thing he eats nor keep a cow. The plan is to have general stores on a non-profit making basis for the trading of one farm product for some other farm product.

At the disposal of the Division of Subsistence Homesteads is an imposing array of experts, already mobilized. There will be experts to say whether the community in question is a good place for a project for economic reasons. Other experts will pass upon the possibilities of town planning, because each community is to be a beauty spot. Other experts will pass upon the soils, telling first whether they are any good at all and next what they are good for in their different parts, or what might be done to make them good. After these experts will come the personnel specialists who will look over the applicants. For example, a man might have a farm background but not the right sort for the spot in question. Or he might have a farm background but be the sort who could no more restrain himself from raising things to sell than a drunkard could resist a drink. It seems that such bull-headed farmers have already been uncovered. Next comes the problem of his possible earnings, considering his training and secondary lines of defense. The idea is that he should make himself independent, pay his interest and principal, and still have enough left over to be a more valuable spender than he would have been without this help. If he spends more for clothing because he raises his own food, then he lifts his standard of living and at the same time is just as valuable a unit of buying power for the nation because clothing is also an agricultural and grazing product. That is the basic idea.

But after all of this has been examined there comes the question of his wife. Where was she reared? Would she like to preserve fruits and can vegetables or milk a cow or goat? How about her reaction to the relative isolation? These communities will be quite different from flats and apartment houses in big cities. So she will also be looked over by experts, and the imagination need not be strained unduly to foresee a case where a man has passed all the tests and finally draws a blank because his wife is frivolous, or even just afraid of the country.

All of this looking over the applicants cannot be done by the central administration, of course, but there will be experts to guide and help and suggest to the local boards of directors and managers. Considering the maximum of 10,000 to be helped and the estimate of roughly 4,000,000 possibilities there should be plenty of applicants. In fact there already are. Letters arrive by the thousands. The local board will operate as a corporation in control of the local project. Its stock will be owned by the Federal Subsistence Homestead Corporation in Washington. As owner of the stock the central body in Washington will be able to name the local directors, and to keep close control of activities.

It is not difficult to see the numerous possibilities for complete failure in such a frankly paternalistic endeavor where the human elements so heavily outweigh the economic, but on the credit side of the ledger is the learned and practical director, M. L. Wilson. He was born on an Iowa farm, attended Iowa State College and later came to be best known for his work at Montana State College. He was among the first to see the possibilities of wheat growing on an enormous scale and went into the business in Nebraska, later in Montana, with conspicuous success. It is an interesting commentary on his practical ability that when the lack of skill in hitching forty or more horses to gigantic combines for wheat harvesting hampered his work, he proceeded to invent the system and the equipment. After his adventures in Nebraska and Montana he went back to school at Wisconsin and later Cornell, then back to Montana to work as State Agricultural Extension Director. He also served the U. S. Department of Agriculture as an expert in land management. The broader problems of agriculture interested him and he drew up the original plan for government control of wheat production. The plan now in effect under the Agricultural Adjustment Administration is an outgrowth of his original scheme and related to it. He knows farm problems both as practical producer and as theorist. He also knows people. The possibilities of subsistence homesteads interested him years ago and he had discussed the subject with Franklin D. Roosevelt when the latter was governor of New York. Mr. Roosevelt then referred to this project as the urban-rural plan and thought something should be done along that line in New York. Oddly enough no one connected with the launching of the present scheme likes the name—"subsistence homesteads"—but they have been unable to find anything better, and now it is carved in the law where it will doubtless remain fixed.

Many persons have been thinking along the line that led to subsistence homesteads. The book to which they most frequently refer is "Flight From The City" by Ralph Borsodi. Mr. Wilson is able to summon help with very little outlay of money. Frank Fritts, for example, who serves the Division as attorney, is a dollar a year man and a volunteer, also a philosopher who has made some experiments of his own in subsistence farming. The central office of the Division is not cluttered with job-holders, nor does it flood the mails with franked publicity. It has drawn to Washington and will draw to the various local projects earnest men and women who see a vision. What these people can do with their vision remains to be proved. They will also draw plenty of visionaries whose hair is afire with patriotism, love of humanity, devotion to the new-world-in-the-making and not the remotest idea of what it is all about. Already applications pour in from astigmatic bookkeepers reared on asphalt pavements who are under the impression that the government will advance whatever sum is needed to remove them from their three-room apartments to God's sunshine where they can grow geraniums without the constant danger of the flower pot falling off the window ledge.

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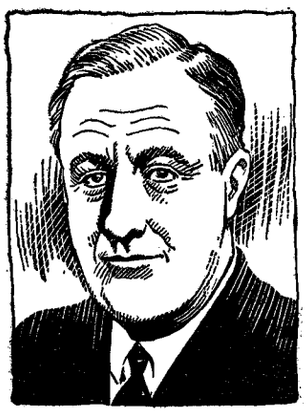
New Landfalls in Foreign Affairs

By Henry Carter

Action also has been the keynote of the President's foreign policy. The new landfalls to which this action is likely to bring our ship of state are indicated in this analysis.

THE year 1933 will long be remembered in American history, whether it ultimately be seen as bringing the United States back to the good old days of prosperity and peace, or as marking a new departure in our growth and development as a nation. Three years of unrelieved depression produced, in November, 1932, a peaceful political revolution at the polls which placed a Democratic Administration in office and led to the extraordinary grants of power made to President Roosevelt in the spring of 1933. What was demanded of him was action, and whatever else the country may have received, Action with a capital A is what it has been getting. What the outcome will be as to our fortunes at home is as yet to be written, encouraging though it be in many of its aspects. It is scarcely to be denied, however, that in our dealings with other nations a new and healthy impulse is to be discerned, and one which gives ground for believing that the United States has at last come of age, to accept its heritage as a world power and to look forward to the future without illusions and without apprehensions.

Action has been the key note of President Roosevelt's foreign policy as it has been that of his domestic program, and, it is important to note, *timed* action, directed toward a definitely sensed objective, namely a realistically conceived rehabilitation of the United States as a world power. The year 1933 of necessity had to be devoted to the task of reorganizing our diplomatic position in the world, a position which was one of marked maladjustment; to rebuilding a diplomatic machine which would function; and to evolving the foundations of a foreign policy conformable to the present day needs and aspirations of the United States. To that end the President has been content to act and to let the acts speak for themselves.



The record is impressive; we have cut loose from European financial influence and intrigue by going off gold and by refusing, as we did at the London Economic Conference, to resume save at our own good time; we have stopped writing Japan notes and are building a navy instead; we have left France, Germany and the League of Nations to work out their own salvation in the question of European security and land disarmament; we have inaugurated a new phase in Latin American relations by refraining from intervention in Cuba, and at Montevideo have been laying the foundations for a new commercial policy based upon mutual concessions; we have retained the respect and friendship of Great Britain by allowing her to save face in the delicate matter of the War Debts; and we have regained a traditional and powerful friend through our recognition of Russia.

This record of performance has been accompanied by a minimum of official statement or pontification from the White House. Mr. Roosevelt's official utterances on foreign affairs have been few, short and to the point; his direct plea of May 16th to the nations of the world for the success of the Geneva Disarmament Conference and the London Economic Conference, a step which gave Hitler an opportunity of moderating the policy of chauvinism which threatened to precipitate a European war; his message of July 3rd, which broke up the London Conference and left the United States free to seek its own economic and financial destiny; the publication of his correspondence with Kalinin looking toward Russian recognition; the November statement from Warm Springs suggesting the ultimate elimination of the much criticized Platt Amendment from our treaty with Cuba; the publication of his letter to the President of Haiti regarding the liquidation of our special position in that republic; his Woodrow Wilson Foundation speech of December 28, definitely renouncing the policy of armed intervention in the Western Hemisphere, and reiterating his earlier plea for reduction of armaments, the observations on world affairs in the January 3 message to Congress. Each of these communications, it may be observed, was framed to meet an immediate and definite occasion, and each was inspired by considerations of political action rather than those of formalized political philosophy, or of the moralism which has too often distorted the free operation of American policy—like the earlier Roosevelt the President is a "practical man," and one who trusts his intuitions rather than his rationalizations.

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The outcome of his course in foreign affairs is that we have in effect caught up with ourselves as a member of international society, and can now look forward to the future in the confidence that comes of self-knowledge, a realistic view of the world and our position in it and a freedom from past inhibitions which paralyzed effective action in world affairs.

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However, granting that we are once more acting like a world power in the fullest sense of that term, the question arises: What then, and what do we propose to do about it? Prediction is not easy in a world which could be plunged into a four year war by the murder of an Austrian Archduke; a world which produces such phenomena as Communist Russia, Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany, Militarist Japan; a world which in its political and economic instability totters close to the brink of chaos; where anything might happen, even the expected. Yet while events are unforeseeable, it is not impossible to detect in the record of the past months certain definite trends of American foreign policy which may reasonably be expected to be operative in the months that lie ahead.

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Trouble, difficulties and danger are rife throughout the world. Europe may once more resort to war in the unquenchable rivalry between France and Germany for the right to live in what each respectively regards as peace and security. Japanese aggression in Manchuria has dangerously unsettled the balance of power in the Far East, and may lead to another Russo-Japanese War in which our position in the Pacific might become involved. Cuba in revolution presents a thorny problem in Latin American relations, for as we act in Cuba, so shall we be judged in South America. The practical aspects of our renewed relations with Russia will test our powers of constructive statesmanship, and the endless details of a new, and as yet embryonic, commercial policy remain to be evolved. In 1935 the lapse of the Naval Treaties may easily prove the occasion for an international crisis of the first order.

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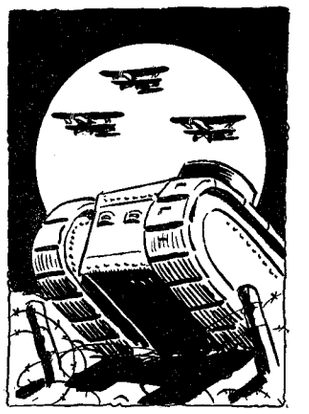
Where Europe is concerned our position seems to have been made unmistakably clear: peace and disarmament in Europe is to our advantage as it is to the rest of the world. To that end we stand ready to proffer our good offices to avert the danger of war; indeed the President's message to the nations of May 16th may be regarded as a definite gesture in that sense. We have furthermore consistently pressed for a general reduction of armaments and have expressed our willingness, in the event that substantial reduction should be achieved, to coöperate so far as may be, without ourselves resorting to war, in isolating an aggressor nation; we have even suggested criteria by which aggression might be defined. Nevertheless, this has been of no immediate avail, for the insistence of Germany upon her right to arms equality, to protect which she has withdrawn from the Disarmament Conference and from the League of Nations, as against the determination of France to guard her own security by means of the maintenance of the structure of the Versailles Treaty through the instrumentality of the League, can only mean rearmament in Europe and almost inevitably war. If anything is certain it is that the United States does not propose to be drawn into that train of events, nor does it propose in any event to send American troops again to Europe—the disillusionments of the "War to end War" are still too fresh in memory and the experience of the War Debts episode has been enlightening if painful. Accordingly we have withdrawn from active participation in the Disarmament Conference until Europe is able to decide for itself whether it is to be peace and disarmament, or war, and we have further taken the opportunity of assuring ourselves of the friendship of Russia, the other great dissident from the League. If war in Europe comes, one may look to see America neutral both in deed and thought to a degree that was not possible in 1914, and hence able to act, as President Wilson once hoped that it would act, as moderator and arbitrator.



It is less easy to dissociate ourselves from responsibility and possible embroilments in the Far East. For better or worse we have an established position in the Philippines and in China from which it would be difficult to withdraw, even should we so desire, with peace and honor. This difficulty and responsibility have been rendered forbiddingly large through the dislocation of the balance of power in Eastern Asia and in the Pacific, brought about through Japanese naval and territorial expansion. On the Asiatic mainland Japan has reft vast territories from China, for whose sovereignty and territorial integrity we have stood co-sponsor by treaty engagement with the Powers, and now menaces Russia's position in the East. American refusal to recognize the Japanese conquests in Manchuria has bitterly antagonized Japan, and matters were not helped by the Stimsonian barrage of legalistic and moralistic diplomatic protests.

We have been nearer to war, a Japanese-declared war, than has been generally realized—indeed Washington was warned last summer that American recognition of Russia, the other great power in the Orient, might be regarded in Japan as a *casus belli*. As it happens Japan was bluffing, but the fact that the threat could be made at all is an illuminating commentary upon the headstrong state of mind in Japan. Mr. Roosevelt's course has been and will be to say nothing and to build up the American Navy to full treaty strength—the significance of that course is not lost upon Japan. Further, our renewed friendship with Russia now offers a much needed diplomatic equipoise in Eastern Asia, and Great Britain under Dominion influence now seems to be turning her tacit support toward our position. The situation is and will be delicate and difficult, even dangerous, and the naval discussions of 1935, faced with a Japanese demand for an increased naval ratio and recognition of her new position in the Far East, may well produce a crisis. On the other hand, if we can continue to pick our way with discretion and wisdom, the economic strain on Japan of maintaining her conquests must tell against her. Time is on our side; diplomatically we shall be strong.

In the field of peaceful relations Latin America offers a greater opportunity, and at the same time more delicate problems of conduct, than ever before in our history. For the moment our action as regards revolutionary Cuba is affording, as already indicated, the criterion by which the sincerity and good faith of our Latin American policy are inevitably being tested. President Roosevelt's refusal to intervene in Cuba, his suggestion as to the abrogation of the Platt Amendment and his recent formal renunciation of the policy of armed intervention have created a favorable impression in South America, as offering evidence of

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a new and unaccustomed respect on our part for Latin American sovereignties. On the other hand, the continuation of our policy of withholding recognition from revolutionary governments is assailed as constituting in itself a species of indirect intervention. The non-recognition policy is a growth of comparatively recent years, and while sponsored by President Wilson and embodied in the Central American Treaties and other international commitments, it possesses the great diplomatic vice of being for the most part more irritating than effective. If South American suspicion of our position under the Monroe Doctrine is to be dispelled, it will be necessary for us radically to modify the non-recognition policy, if not to discard it altogether. That we are tending in that direction, as well as toward liquidating our special treaty position in countries such as Cuba and Haiti, seems clear, but there are yet many steps to be taken on that road, and they will not be easy ones. Considerations of defense of the Panama Canal, of the protection of American and European nationals, may complicate and impede our course; nor can general principles always be made satisfactorily to answer the requirements of particular situations.

Yet South America, if its friendship and confidence can be gained, offers great possibilities for profitable and constructive trade and cultural relations. With the possible exception of Argentina, whose agricultural exports compete with American farm products, South America and the United States are to a large degree economically complementary—the United States needs coffee, sugar, nitrates and other raw materials; South America needs American manufactured products and technological services. The bases for mutually advantageous commercial dealings are there, and a significant start toward building on them has been made in the unusually friendly conversations at the recent Pan American Conference in Montevideo, and in the signature of a new commercial treaty with Colombia under which the United States accepts Colombian coffee in return for concessions as regards the import into Colombia of certain specified articles of American manufacture.

However, the significance of the Colombian Treaty is not primarily a local one, for in it are the seeds of a new American commercial policy. With the collapse of the London Economic Conference and of the attempt to effect a general horizontal lowering of tariff barriers, the United States appears to have turned from its finally ineffectual effort to obtain unconditional most-favored-nation treatment from the trading nations of the world, and to be quite frankly reverting to a policy of negotiating reciprocal trade agreements based upon mutual needs and mutual concessions, or, in more homely language, to old fashioned horse trading. Indeed, in view of our domestic system of economic nationalism and in the face of the universal tendency toward tariff bargaining, no other course would seem practicable: in adopting it we have, in spite of the laments of the classic free trade school of thought, merely conformed to the requirements of our domestic policy and to the general custom obtaining in present day international trade. The negotiation of further treaties and agreements of the type represented in the Colombian model seems clearly indicated, indeed is already in progress, not only with other South American countries, but also, and notably, with the wine exporting nations of Europe to whom the repeal of Prohibition has reopened an important American market for their products. Although it may be doubted that international trade will soon again assume the aspects and proportions that it enjoyed during the 1920's, nevertheless, its rehabilitation is an important factor in the restoration of economic balance: if it can be rebuilt on a basis of mutual needs rather than on one of super-stimulated sales and reckless financing, its existence should be a healthy and permanent one.

Russia and our relations with the Soviet Government present an as yet unwritten page. The diplomatic and political advantages to us of Russian friendship, both in Europe and in the Far East, have been touched upon above and need scarcely be elaborated. Aside from these, Russia should likewise offer a rich market for American goods and services and will doubtless prove an excellent customer. However, the matter of paying for these will present its difficulties, for Russia's principal products, wheat, oil, lumber, compete directly with our own and will not be welcome in our glutted and depressed markets. Other difficulties are in store in the shape of the possibilities for misunderstanding which exist as between two conflicting concepts of political and economic philosophy and practice, and the question of propaganda, while of relatively secondary importance, is by no means finally closed. Yet in spite of all the problems of detail, a firm and valuable friendship with Russia seems not only possible, but already existent.

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It is not to be supposed that the foregoing is in any sense an attempt to exhaust the possibilities of American diplomatic action in the near future: if it has served to note certain changes of direction, and certain general trends of American policy, it has answered its purpose. After all, foreign policy, as a Russian writer recently observed, is and must be a function of domestic policy: when it ceases to reflect national tradition and national interest it falls to the ground, as did Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations. American traditional policy has been summarized in principles such as Non-Entanglement with European Affairs, the Monroe Doctrine, the Open Door; our domestic policy is one of economic nationalism. Yet in the course of history all these change, as they have changed during the past months, in emphasis and method; other changes will yet occur in a world of shifting conditions and stresses. Precedent and the mere will to peace will not always provide solutions. Grave questions of peace and war lie ahead. It is the virtue of our present approach to foreign affairs that the United States, confident in its inheritance from the past, stands ready, facing toward the future.

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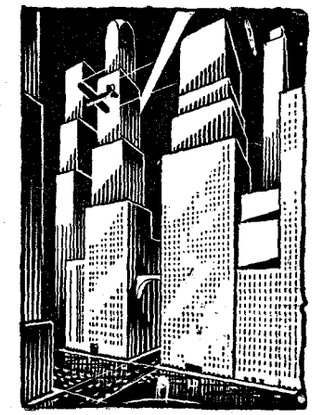
Talk of the Nation



Towards Re-repeal

REFORM ORGANIZATIONS have a peculiar quality; they refuse to admit victory. When Prohibition was achieved after a generation of heroic effort, the Anti-Saloon League, the W.C.T.U. and the Epworth League did not shut up the hymn books and lay away the pledge blanks in happy satisfaction. On the contrary, they functioned more vigorously than ever. It seemed, or so they felt, that the nation still needed them, and the pious campaigns went on as before. Prohibition, their own unlovely child, needed guidance, and the anointed guardians of our morals remained on the job.

They also refuse to admit defeat. Incorrigibles who hoped that the latter day Wayne B. Wheelers and Carrie Nations would gracefully retire on December 5th were again disappointed. They are still with us, not perhaps as lustily as before, but still on duty. The verdict of 70 per cent of the citizenry may have staggered them a trifle, but it hasn't stopped them. A drunken nation is a doomed nation. Prosperity cannot be floated back on the poison of drink. Crime, accidents, corruption of politics, youth and the police are with us again. As a matter of fact, they never left us, for another curious thing about reform is that the same ammunition serves both sides. Remember the wets on bootlegging? Look now to the drys on repeal.

So far they haven't made much time. The nation is still a little dazed from having its alcoholic conviction of sin removed, and is in no mood to listen to them. But the months will show progress. Once again we shall be listening to the Blue Ribboners and the Band of Hope. Billy Sunday has held lately a meeting, right in the heart of New York City—wickedest and wettest of all.

And when the time comes for the dry revival, the circumstances of repeal will help. During prohibition, far-sighted bootleggers were among its first supporters. And drinkers, if they had been equally far-sighted, might have assisted too. Because—prohibition was cheap. Repeal is not. Prohibition was convenient. Repeal is not. It was easy; repeal is difficult. Even now certain irreconcilables are beginning to murmur. When the revolt comes, they may be found beside the sworn enemies of repeal, unless their grievances are attended to.

For example, consider the rules for drinking. In New York, presumably the most sophisticated and wordly community on earth, they are as obscure and puzzling as the Koran. Rhyme and reason are conspicuously absent. This much only can be deduced: the powers in their wisdom decided that the saloon was evil. So far, so good. A generation exposed to "Ten Nights in a Barroom" and similar horrors will agree. But what was done to abolish the evil? Briefly this: it was made illegal to serve a drink across the bar. You can have the saloon, bartender, brass rail, spittoons and all —but you can't have your poison handed to you across the mahogany! You must sit down to a table to get it. This, while it creates employment for waiters and bus-boys, involves expense. The average man knows that when he rises from a table he must leave a tip. He also knows that one drink will not justify the tip to himself. So he has two drinks, maybe three, to feel sure he is getting a return for his money. The good old days of "just a quick one" have gone. It may make for more leisurely drinking, but it also makes for more consumption, more expense.

Rules invite violation. Already the ingenuity of grog sellers has begun to get around the problem. One well known institution reports the simple device of having the customer stand at the bar, watch his drink made up (one of the chief pleasures of public drinking), and then having the barkeeper trot out from behind the bar and serve him from the rear—legality and charm preserved. Some wheel little bars to the tables in what might be called the baby carriage technique. Others bring the cocktail shaker to the table, usually in a bowl of ice the way fancy restaurants serve grapefruit. Well-established places with a trustworthy clientele merely ignore the law altogether, allowing their customers to do their guzzling in the time honored way. This solution, while the simplest, is the most dangerous, both to the proprietors and to repeal. Abuse was what killed the liquor traffic in 1919. Who knows, it may help to injure repeal in 1940?

Quality of the liquor is almost too serious a subject to be touched on, but must be mentioned. People who respected their stomachs and their palates shuddered every time they took a drink of bootleg. They looked forward to the time when they could get the genuine thing to roll appreciatively around their tongues. And now it turns out that the real McCoy is frequently as bad, if not worse, than the stove polish Tony used to sell. From all sides come tales of terrific after effects from drinking one of those things the distillers so prettily call "A Blend of Whiskies." "Good bathtub" never handed out as much punishment the morning after, perhaps because it was cut with water. The mediocre repeal stuff is cut with alcohol. Figure it out for yourself. Water is good for you. Alcohol is not.

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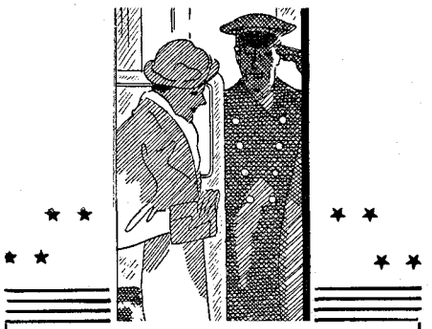

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Newspapers have been thundering about this unhappy condition for some time. Leading Senators, whose memories go back to the dear dead days of fine whiskey at eighty cents a quart have been threatening an investigation! So far one suggestion has been made—a law requiring a chemical analysis to be printed on the label of every bottle. This, of course, will be a great help, for the consumer will be able to read, for example, that while X, A Blend of Choice Rye, contains only .00019 acidity, it also contains 43.02% alcohol. The alcohol percentage will be printed at the top, in larger figures than the rest. It is like the old trick with patent medicines. The label conforms to the law by saying "This tonic is beneficial in conditions indicated for its use." The advertising asserts that it will cure everything from consumption to cancer.

Cost is another matter which is causing dissension in the lower ranks. During prohibition, hospitality was made easy by the low price of alcohol. True, the drinks were limited in variety, but a little patience and ingenuity with fruit juice, sugar, ice and anything else that happened to be lying on the kitchen table could produce something at least drinkable. If you wanted to, you could have a party every day without ruining the budget. But today genuine gloom chaser is high. Figuring on the cheapest materials, the plainest cocktail costs anywhere from ten to twelve cents each. The day of the flowing shaker is gone—watch your host's face the next time you extend an empty glass. It is more than likely he will avoid your gaze. This item in the drinker's lament is confined, of course, only to those of the lower orders. People who can cheerfully dispense a five dollar bottle of whiskey at a quiet evening of bridge may skip it.

There are more complaints. A famous health authority asserts that hollow stemmed glasses for Burgundy are unsanitary! Another reminds us that fusel oil does horrible things to the liver. A third laments that cocktails are never served in paper cups. Perhaps we shall see a new campaign of warning and gloomy prophecy on the manifold dangers legal drinking brings to the human system. Under Prohibition, those complaints were still, the authorities apparently adopting the genial attitude that the man who drank bootleg deserved all he got. To those of us who prefer to ruin our health in

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would be an all-star cast that would make for capacity houses, especially if the picture itself were good. In the February Scribner's Magazine there is an all-star cast of brilliant writing for those who want the facts and like fiction and adventure. Thomas Wolfe has a short story. F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel is here. A South Seas Adventure among Pearl Divers. A Communist who describes his education. Whether you are in or out of the market you'll want to know more about whether there is a remedy for stock market abuses. If you want to know the books to read you will find them reviewed—this whole big show for 35 cents in the

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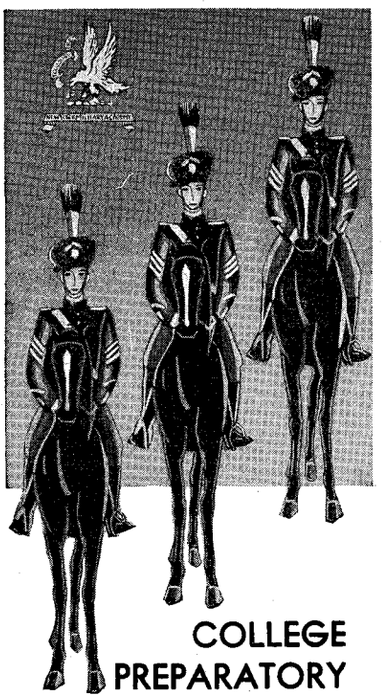

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CARL GRAY, Fairfax, Vermont

happy ignorance this attitude was a relief. And now if we are faced with the lecturing and the chiding of a second temperance movement, we may long for the good old days of prohibition when drinking, though it was anti-social, was at least less complicated.

●

Reformed Crime

CORRUPTION in municipal government appears to have the peculiar characteristic of leading to laxity in crime prevention. This is so obvious a truism that few of the numerous reform and "Fusion" campaigners of last Fall neglected to mention it in their vigorous and eventually highly successful campaigns. Among the cities where these government reform efforts were outstandingly successful were Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Cleveland. Our Reform Department (recently merged for economy's sake with our now defunct New Year's Resolution Department) made a mental note at the time to check up in due course and find out how many of the campaign promises in regard to crime clean-up had been met.

We were pleasantly surprised to discover that the matter had been duly attended to in almost all instances. Dusty and rusty police departments were promptly over-hauled, numerous police personnel changes were made, and the fortunate remaining officers of the law were reminded, in no uncertain terms, that their duty was to reduce crime.

The shake-ups have had unusually unique effects. The gentlemen who had been pursuing nefarious careers in Philadelphia now find it easier and safer (in the long run) to commit crimes in Boston, for example. But stranger still is the unexpected result of changing criminal classifications within a given city. Under a corrupt political machine bold daylight robberies appear to increase—the participants gambling on "pull," fixable court delays, postponements, etc. Since reform has swept American cities, however, and police protection has vanished for the *established* criminal, our masters of crime have been driven to find their individual ways to economic security through the dark, and only with the aid of flashlights. In a word, the result of police reform (at least to date), is that the more difficult calling

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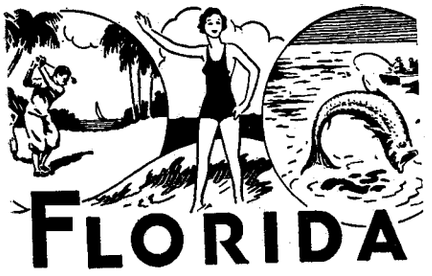

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●

Rivera Again

DIEGO RIVERA'S stormy murals have found a home. When Radio City rejected the great central panel in the R.K.O. Building, because it contained (among other things much more revolutionary) the head of Lenin, Rivera had to find some place for his art. Although he is generally conceded to be the world's foremost living muralist, the task was for the moment difficult. After the Radio City hubbub no one seemed to want his services. One large corporation canceled a series of murals already commissioned. Rivera is a revolutionary artist, and he did not want any more commissions from wealthy patrons. He did, however, want to paint more murals.

After some trouble and confusion a site was found. It is a small, dingy loft building leased by the Communist Party of the U.S.A., (Opposition)—and not to be confused with the Communist Party of the U.S.A., (Section of the Third Internationale) which would have nothing to do with him for some obscure heresy committed in 1929. There Rivera has painted a series of twenty-one panels depicting his view (and the radical view in general) of the social and economic history of America. Money for materials—metal lath and marble plaster—and for Rivera's living during the six months he was at work, came from the rejected Radio City commission. Since the tenure of radical parties on their headquarters is never certain, the panels have been made *removable!* In the happy event of the Communist Party of the U.S.A. (Opposition) moving to larger and better quarters, the murals will go with it—or should the C.P. of U.S.A. (Opp.) be evicted, they need not be left to unappreciative landlords and bailiffs.

The murals, although considerably less grandiose than the Radio City design, are by no means insignificant, covering more than 700 square feet of wall space. The room in which they are painted is only some thirty feet by fifteen, and as a result the detail is sometimes crowded and obscure, but the general design is clear. Rivera's task was to show the history of our continent in Marxist terms. This he has done. The murals are radical

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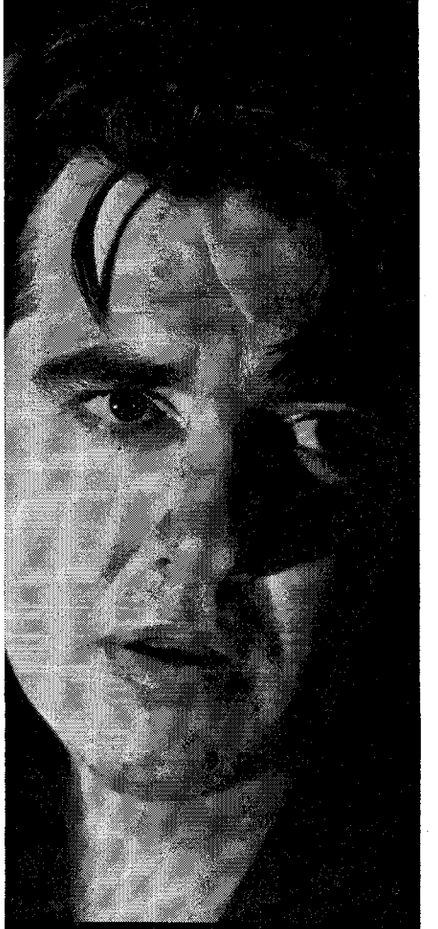

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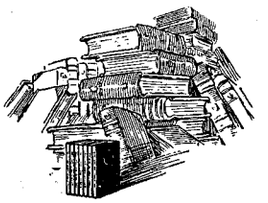
enough for the most advanced revolutionary. They are also artistic enough to have pleased prominent critics who viewed them at their recent opening. There is no doubt that Rivera has succeeded at his task, within the political and emotional limits set by his creed.

The first panel begins with Dutch traders "buying" Manhattan Island at the point of guns. Slave traders are discovered flogging blacks. The Stamp Act, the Boston Massacre, Tom Paine proclaiming the Rights of Man, Jefferson composing the Declaration of Independence, follow. Washington is seen supervising slaves at Mount Vernon—no hero to Rivera and his Communist comrades! Bunker Hill, Lexington and Paul Revere are missing. Standard examples of founding father patriotism have no interest for your social revolutionary. The masses, with a handful of socially minded leaders, make up his history.

•

Down through the Whiskey Rebellion, the opening of California and the railroad building era we come to the Civil War. Here Rivera has seized on the early abolitionist campaigners, Phillips, Thoreau, Garrison, Mrs. Stowe (how horrified she would be at finding herself in a red meeting hall) and others. Maltreated slaves figure prominently, but sympathy for the North is not conspicuous. Radicals remember that while the Union troops were fighting the Confederates, the bosses back home were busy creating the factory system, with its attendant horrors of exploitation and bad working conditions. Morgan, the Elder appears, hugely wartnosed and clutching a bulging moneybag. Abraham Lincoln figures but slightly, a remote and unimportant presence in one of the panels. Admirers of Lincoln must remember again that this is a radical version of history, and hold their wrath.

There are obvious gaps in such a version, however brilliant the Marxist analysis. For example, the panels jump from the Civil War to the present time, with no mention of many events considered important by other historians. Undoubtedly this is because Rivera feels more at home in the present, where he can paint rows of machines, conveyor belts, electric cranes, dynamos. Machine worship is part of Rivera's religion—a cult all good radicals must profess.



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Here's a little incident* that really happened in December (and we'll show you the correspondence if you'll drop around!).

Early in the month a certain Mrs. X in the middlewest wrote us a sweet little note changing the mailing address of the X's subscription to 12 East Pincus St. Her little note was duly acknowledged and the matter put through as usual.

But nine days later another letter came from the X family. This time from Mr. X. He wrote a rather friendly letter and asked that their old address be changed to 95 West Flipp St. Our records showed the recent change to Pincus St. and files and correspondence proved instructions had properly been followed. His letter put our "address changer" in a quandary, so the entire subscription department was consulted and went into a huddle about it. A little speculation, and this sage department knew how to handle the matter. A tactful letter was sent to Mrs. X at Pincus St. and to Mr. X at Flipp St. explaining what had happened unknown to them. A reply from each came by return post. Both letters were insistent and charmingly explained why he or she were entitled to his or her subscription.

It doesn't matter what Solomon did in the good old days. We just won't split twelve magazines. . . . So we sent a new subscription blank to the other X, and now we have two where before we had one.

* *With apologies to our correspondents.*

THOUGH our friends had decided they could well get along without each other, neither wanted to be parted from the NEW OUTLOOK. After reading it regularly one realizes what a service NEW OUTLOOK performs: A constant stream of material giving latest information and understanding of what's going on in our own country and in the world today. Reading NEW OUTLOOK is a wise habit which is easily and pleasantly formed. If you want to try it, simply fill, and send in the coupon below.

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One panel in the modern series shows first a row of girls operating punching presses, each girl with a meter attached to her wrist while a hard faced efficiency expert looks on. To one side of the girls, police are flogging a striker. At the bottom Tom Mooney and the Scottsboro boys peer out of prison bars, with Sacco and Vanzetti seated in painfully realistic electric chairs. This is "machine civilization" as it is conducted under capitalism, according to the Communists. The painting is grim, bloody and shorn of allegory. Critics who thought Rivera had let himself go in Radio City should see these murals—the rejected work becomes almost mild by comparison!

The World War receives extensive attention. The central figure shows Woodrow Wilson, dressed in parson's black, and uttering his famous statement "He kept us out of the war." J. P. Morgan, Sir Basil Zaharov, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Nicholas II, Barney Baruch and (for some reason) the Emperor of Japan, nod and smile approvingly. In the background excerpts from a popular book of war horrors show men without faces, without arms, legs and blind; and corpses in various stages of decay. In one corner a pacifist is being lynched by a patriotic mob. Not a pleasant recreation, but Rivera can never be accused of painting for entertainment.

From the war the murals jump to Fascism and Nazism. Hitler dominates the German panel, face contorted with oratorical rage, arm extended and cowlick drooping down on a narrow forehead. He wears a pansy in his necktie. A girl bearing the sign, "I have given myself to a Jew" and her tortured lover appear in one corner, behind them the maniacal face of General Goering. Mussolini's panel shows the Matteotti murder and endless parades of soldiers, tanks and poison gas.

German and Italian Fascism naturally lead to the prospects for a similar movement here. Rivera has no doubt we shall go through the experience, unless Communism becomes strong enough to prevent it. In one scene, workers bearing a placard "Workers Unite or the Blue Eagle Will Wear a Brown Shirt" battle with police. In another radicals argue fruitlessly while Fascism in armored cars bears down on them. "Divided We Starve, United We Eat" is another painted motto, Rivera asking for that all but impossible thing, radical unity. The Farmers' Holiday movement receives attention, with dairy strikers pouring out milk while city women and children starve. No bets have been overlooked, and in the modern sections the murals take on the excited quality of the last six months or so of newspaper head lines.

Rivera has made the headlines dramatic, though future generations may require a guide to explain some of the more immediately topical allusions. His interpretation is biased, the whole history of the United States stated in terms of class struggle, with, of course, both right and eventual victory always on the side of the workers. Rivera is a revolutionary painter; no one could expect him to do otherwise. Critics call him the greatest living muralist. Radicals call him the greatest artist on earth. Somewhere between the two there is undoubtedly some truth.

•

Gilding the Lily, or Ask for E230

LILY GILDING is not only the sport, but the life work of the public relations counselor. At times his is, indeed, a difficult task.

Now we, ourselves, never expect to be especially concerned over the problem of head-colds among our feathered friends of the barnyard. That doesn't make it any the less an important bit of research work. At least it was to Prof. A. M. Goodman, of the New York State College of Agriculture. But here is the way the indefatigible press agent, working under the provisions of the Coöperative Agricultural Extension Acts of June 30, 1914, decides to announce the professor's findings to a not unduly excited world:

"Ithaca, N. Y., Jan.—Will you give your hen a handkerchief on her first birthday?

"Ninety-nine per cent of all handkerchiefs are used to wave farewell to friends at the start of a sea voyage says Professor A. M. Goodman of the New York State College of Agriculture. The remaining one per cent, he adds, is used to attend to colds in the head.

"Few hens, he explains, start on sea voyages. Also very few humans. So, says Professor Goodman, if hens take

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cold in the head they might have about the same use for handkerchiefs as humans.

"He says hens have more trouble with colds in the head if they are kept in damp, exposed pens. It is easier to overcome these colds, he states, by ventilating the poultry house than by giving handkerchiefs to hens on their birthdays.

"Many poultrymen have installed ventilation systems to keep the house dry and free from drafts. A Cornell bulletin tells how to build them in various types of houses. It has many sketches to make the work easier.

"Write for a free copy to the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, New York. Ask for E230."

Men of Russia

(*Continued from page* 30)

"Fear" inspired by Pavlov's contention. Afiniogenev lives in a modern and comfortable apartment in Moscow, his royalties amounting to many times the salary of Ordjonikidze, the head of heavy industry. Eisenstein and Pudovkin, the great cinema directors, are not members of the Communist Party. They live in comfort and are paid well.

There are many native Americans whose work has been of much value to the Soviet, and who have pioneered for the coming of more Americans to Russia. Among these are: Louis Fischer, American journalist; Jack Calder, engineer and result-getting builder of many industrial plants, including the tractor plant at Stalingrad; Zara Witkin, from California, the first American to be granted a patent in Soviet Russia; Dr. Alcan Hirsch, wealthy Jewish-American chemical expert who has served as chief consultant to the chemical trust, and who understands the intricacies of poison gas. And finally there is Colonel Hugh Cooper, bluff construction engineer who told the Bolsheviks who built the Dnieperstroy dam what to do, and what was even more important, what not to do, when building a dam.

But when all is said and done concerning the important men of Russia, the American business man in Russia will discover his most constant contact to be with the *men who interpret*. It is the lowly interpreter, not only of languages but of opposite viewpoints and notions of doing business who

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must in the end become the key to the situation. As the business man's secretary he automatically fills the role of "confidential secretary" without the power to be confidential for he is obliged by orders from the GPU to take that political police organization into his confidence.

The Russian language is seldom found among the linguistic equipment of even the most widely traveled American business executive. The state-supplied interpreter is therefore absolutely indispensable. The only possible contact of the foreign visitor seeking to do business in Russia with the meaning of the strange scene is through this lowly personage.

Women as well as men are employed by the Soviets to serve as interpreters and as official links through the *Gay Pay Oo* with their foreign visitors. Not infrequently the interpreter assigned is a buxom Russian girl who can go out on "location," climb ladders or get down into ditches to shout directions to the workers, and willing to sleep in bathrooms. Efficient and understanding, she will manage to get you into conferences with the bigger executives if anybody can.

The experience of Elmer Rice, the well known American playwright, with one of these "assigned" interpreters (male) is illustrative both of the value and the effectiveness of this special Soviet service. And it all happened "before recognition."

Rice certainly had a star interpreter in "Ernest" a twenty-one year old boy of German Volga origin, with a quiet sense of humor and a genius for efficiency in a land which is only beginning to be efficiency conscious. He piloted the American Communist Rice family all over Russia with the greatest celerity imaginable. Mr. Rice became more and more astounded with the quick results which Ernest always got in such matters as having Russians denied seats and berths on trains, shoving ahead of the inevitable queues to get waited on "seechass," which means, translated literally into English as "within the hour," but in Russia is intended to convey the idea of "at once." Finally Mr. Rice asked Ernest what were the magic words he spoke to the officials which produced such immediate service and astounding results. Ernest shrugged his broad shoulders and replied, "Excuse me, I tell them you are the American Ambassador."

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